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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

LOGIC OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

From the New York World, July 3.

THE *Tribune*, *Independent*, and other leading newspapers of that stamp, have sounded in advance the keynote of many thousand Fourth of July orations to be delivered by republican orators to-morrow. The substance of these orations, if the advice of such journals is taken, will consist of the deduction of negro suffrage from the language of the Declaration of Independence, as thus: All men are created equal; therefore negroes are the equals of white men; and as white men vote, the privilege cannot be denied to negroes without flying in the teeth of the Declaration.

This argument, seemingly so triumphant, is without force unless it can be shown that the assertion that "all men are created equal," was used with the same amplitude of meaning in the Declaration of Independence, that is ascribed to it by the advocates of negro suffrage. That it was not, may be proved by various weighty considerations, some of which we will set down.

One year ago, as a literary and historical curiosity, which the national anniversary rendered timely, we showed by a copious citation and collation of passages, arranged in parallel columns, that the *doctrinal* parts of the Declaration were borrowed, in substance, from the second part of Locke's "Treatise on Government," the precise phraseology of Locke being closely followed in all the cardinal thoughts. The other parts of the Declaration consist of a recital, in compact language, of the various grievances alleged by the colonists as the grounds of their separation from the mother country. It is only the doctrinal parts of the Declaration that are ever referred to in any recent controversy; and these, as we showed last year, are entirely borrowed from Locke, containing no idea which is not given in almost precisely the same language by him.

The true purport and intention of the doctrine of human equality, as promulgated by Jefferson, must be sought in Locke, from whom he borrowed it, and who discourses on it more at length.

This part of the Declaration has been regarded by many eminent men as an excrescence. John Adams, who was on the committee with Jefferson, professed to admire it as a "flight of oratory." Rufus Choate characterized it as consisting of "vague and glittering generalities." The logical mind of Mr. Calhoun could discover in it no pertinency to the purpose of the Declaration, alleging that it formed no part of the grounds of our separation from Great Britain; which grounds were the breach of our chartered privileges, and the specific grievances rehearsed at length in the subsequent parts of the document. The logical connection of Jefferson's thoughts cannot be very obvious, or these able men would have perceived it. And, on the face of the argument, nothing could, indeed, seem more irrelavent than to assign the natural equality of men as a reason for abjuring allegiance to an acknowledged government.

The obscurity of the logical connection in the opening paragraphs of the Declaration, results from the necessary brevity of an introduction, and from want of familiarity, in the reader, with the admired treatise whose doctrine Jefferson attempted to condense into a few sentences. The equality asserted by Locke was explained by him as pertaining only to that hypothetical "state of nature" supposed to precede the entrance of men into civil society—an equality which terminates with the organization of Government. For Locke says expressly, that "*men, when they enter into society*, GIVE UP *the equality, liberty, and executive power which they had in a state of nature*, into the hands of the society, to be so far disposed of by the legislative as the good of the society shall require." As an Englishman, believing in a hereditary king and nobility, Locke could not, without self-contradiction, have believed that all men are born equal in a state of civil society. The Declaration of Independence, which borrowed from him both its doctrine and language, must have intended it in the same sense, or it would have been full of self-contradiction in throwing off allegiance to the British crown on the ground that the king had abused his power. After reciting a long catalogue of some thirty different acts of oppression, the Declaration goes on to say: "A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant, is unfit to be the ruler of a free people."

This language, and the whole of the long enumeration which precedes it, clearly implies that a hereditary prince may be a legitimate ruler. It was not because the English monarch was born a king, but because he abused his power, that allegiance was declared to be dissolved. But if, in a state of civil society, a man can be born a king, it is clear that in that state all men are not politically equal by birth. If, therefore, the doctrine of human equality in the Declaration, is to be construed strictly, it is more than irrelavent; it makes the introduction to that document contradict the whole tenor of its substance, which implies that the allegiance of the colonies was rightfully due to King George until he grossly abused his hereditary authority.

In what sense, then, was it meant to be asserted, in the Declaration, that "all men are created equal? Precisely in the sense of Locke, and in no other. Locke, in the latter part of his treatise, dwells, at considerable length, on the causes by which a government may be dissolved, including abuses of power by the prince among them; and he asserts over and over again, that the consequence of such dissolution is to remand society back to "that state of nature" in which all men are equal. This was the prominent idea in Jefferson's mind, when he sat down to draft the Declaration. By the acts which it was his main business to recite, the king had dissolved the tie of allegiance, and the people of the colonies were thereby remanded to that state of nature in which all men are equal to one another, and in virtue of which, when they organize themselves into a new political society, that new political society becomes the equal of every other. Locke's doctrine of the equality of men in the state of nature, was made by Jefferson the connecting link between the dissolution of the old government and the construction of a new, independent body politic, which became the equal of every other in virtue of the principle that men, the materials out of which bodies politic are formed, are originally equal. The colonies were about to pass from a condition of inferiority and dependence to one of equality among the nations of the earth, and, in Jefferson's logic, the claim to this national equality which we were on the point of assuming, rested upon the original egality of all men in that "state of nature" to which the colonies had been remanded by the tyranny of English government.

In this view alone, that part of the Declaration is neither irrelavent, nor inconsistent with the whole tenor of the document, which recognizes the rightful authority of a just prince. The equality meant is the equality of all men in a state of nature antecedent to government, an equality which reverts whenever a government is dissolved; and from this original equality of men is deduced the resulting equality of independent political communities. The whole doctrine is taken from Locke; and no other political equality is taught in that author.

That the Declaration did not mean to assert the political equality of all men in a state of political society, is evident from the fact that the colonies, who adopted it, required a property qualification for the elective franchise and sanctioned negro slavery. It is certain that they had no thought of publishing to the world a condemnation of their own institutions and practices. The framers of the federal Constitution had not advanced beyond the doctrine of Locke, as embodied by Jefferson in the Declaration of Independence. They did not stand on the equality of individual men, but on the equality of organized political societies. Some citizens of this republic have more than thirty times the weight in the Senate of the United States, and in amending the Constitution, that is possessed by citizens of other States. Whether all men shall be individually equal under the *state* governments is left to the States themselves; but they cannot be made so under the federal government without its complete subversion. Those who advocate negro suffrage on the ground that all men are created equal, are bound, on the same principle, to advocate the "enfranchisement" of the citizens of New York by giving to the state at least ten additional senators, so that a New Yorker may be the political equal of a New Englander.

THE NEGRO VOTE.

From the Daily News, July 3.

THE conflict at arms is over, and now commences the struggle for political ascendency, with the weapons of political antagonism sanctioned by republicanism. If the Southern people have profited by their experience, if they have learned a lesson of prudence from their adversaries, they will without sacrificing principle, give a little more heed to the suggestions of expediency. The South must learn to use the weapons that have been used against it; and the first advantage to be gained is the conversion of the negro population into an element of political power.

The manufacturers of New England, who have not hesitated to realize pecuniary profit from civil strife upon contracts for military supplies, have been sagacious enough to employ their dependents as instruments of political supremacy. At every election where their interests were in question, they marched the employees in their factories in solid phalanx to the polls, never scrupling to make the relations between capital and labor available to control the exercise of the elective franchise among those who depended more or less upon their volition for daily bread for themselves and families. This agency of political power has hitherto been withheld from the Southern people by the peculiar nature of their industrial system; it is now within their grasp. Will they permit a fatal pride, a traditional prejudice, a weak deference to caste, to stand in the way of their resumption of political equality, perhaps of political supremacy?

We have no fear of that. The strength and self-reliance, the indomitable will and fertility of intellectual and moral resources of the Southern character have been too well demonstrated in their struggle for independence to leave us now in doubt as to their capacity for good management in the warfare of mind against mind that is to come. The question is, can the Southern whites control the negro vote? It is for themselves to judge. The Abolitionists of the North will, undoubtedly, make every effort to educate the freedmen to Black Republican principles, and to that end their emissaries will labor diligently, and with the system and proverbial cunning of New England's political apostle. Are the native Southerners equal to the task of confronting and defeating these influences? We do not pretend to know better than themselves their resources to maintain such a contest. Let them consider the subject for themselves, in view of the advantages they possess, through their familiarity with the character of the negro, and decide whether they can control the political action of the inferior race. If they cannot, let their opposition to negro suffrage be firm and energetic. But, if they have faith in their power to direct the political organization of the blacks, their first step should be to put a ballot into the hands of every adult negro, trusting to their own sagacity and natural advantages to render that ballot the servant of their wishes and of their interests. It is a simple question of policy, and as such we have suggested its consideration to the Southern people. For the sake of the supremacy of Democratic doctrines, we desire that every element of Democratic strength shall be brought into the field. It is a matter for the late slaveholding States to act upon; and we would have them decide in accordance with their own conception of what is best for themselves and for the Democracy.

Selections.

INSIDE VIEW OF THE NEGRO QUESTION.

VISIT TO SOUTHWESTERN GEORGIA.—TALKS TO PLANTERS AND SLAVES.—HOW COTTON IS GROWN—THE PROBLEM OF FREE LABOR AND WHAT THE NEGROES SAY ABOUT IT.

Correspondence of the Cincinnati Commercial.

ALBANY, Ga., June 21, 1865.

ALBANY is in the heart of the cotton region of Georgia. The best average yield to the acre here is, I understand, a bale of four hundred and fifty pounds to two acres, and the ordinary product is a bale to three acres. The land is not so good for corn, yielding only from ten to fifteen bushels to the acre. This region was settled in 1836. Albany is a little place of about two thousand inhabitants—a depot for the plantations of the district. It is the terminus of one branch of the Macon and Southwestern Railroad; the other branch (from Smithville) runs to Eufala, on the Chattahoochie. This branch stops at that river.

Slavery is darkly illustrated here. In Dougherty county the negroes are three to one. I came here to get an idea—as a sort of "specimen-brick"—of the feelings and sentiments of a jet-black slavery district since the surrender—*armistice* they call it here—a district of indisputable complexion in all its primitive purity of indisputableness, totally undisturbed by vandal raids.

THE ANDERSONVILLE PRISON.

This bower of slavery is Albany, Georgia, only a few miles south of that plague-spot of civilization, that Golgotha of horror, Andersonville, which I passed on the way. As I looked out upon those "bull-pens" where our poor boys were huddled, like hogs, beneath the open sky—under chilling rains and blistering suns; when it rained, burying their dirty rags, in order to keep them dry, *wallowing in mire and their own filth*; when the sun returned, shuddering like sick plants, that the fount of mercy, even! only festered with disease—as I looked out upon this sight, while a repentant Confederate officer (this *genus homo* in Georgia is exceedingly rare) confessed how a respectable neighbor to the prison having ventured to bring to the prisoners some vegetables, to relieve somewhat the craving of their horrible infection, scurvy (a disease resulting from low diet on salt and stale food), had himself been thrust into durance, and kept there three weeks; while with his vegetables, the foul fiend that had charge of the prison, instead of throwing them away, with a cruelty more refined, intermingled buckeye leaves—sure poison—and thus distributed them to the starving and suffering wretches, to increase their agonies and disable their last chance of surviving. "And if any escaped," said my mournful narrator, "they were hunted down with hounds by a fellow who lives a short distance from here."

"What's his name, and where does he live?" I insisted.

[Somewhat reluctantly answered.]

"Why, he was employed by Wirts, who kept the prison. Perhaps he did not mean to be cruel; his name is Ben Harris, and he lives about four miles south of the station."

"Does he keep his dogs yet?"

"Yes," said he. "I was in that neighborhood a few days ago (employed by one of General Wilson's agents to collect the State supplies), and I saw his dogs there with him. The people around Andersonville, most of them, are of a mean sort, for the country is poor, and they are rankling with spite and bitterness, so much so that I have been threatened in the peaceable discharge of my office. These things make me blush for the South. They are an indelible disgrace. Albany is a better district, and the people there are ashamed of the Andersonville outrages."

As I saw and heard these things, on the fatal spot, I was pointed to a place over the hill, beyond where were *fourteen thousand fresh made graves*, the awful, damning proof of the truth of these otherwise incredible rumors of horror. I reflected that this was very unfortunate to the favorable mood of a visitor obliged to pass it on his way to a cosy retreat of the "sum of human villanies."

But ambitious of a disposition to a fair-dealing, I resolved, in my bearing to the good people I was visiting, to choke down bygones, and err rather on the other side—at least, so far as to appear a willing listener to their sentiments and opinions, whatever they might be, thus to appear more distinctly without disguise. I came to them, I said, to see and report the actual condition of things, and I was anxious only to represent the truth. Upon this, I was cordially welcomed. I owned to them, however, that I had been educated in opposition to slavery, and, on that account, I was fearful of doing the truth injustice. They then said I should see the plantations, and judge for myself.

Lieut. Col. Willing, 4th Kentucky Cavalry, (Col. Kelly, whom I mentioned in my last as Col. of the 4th Kentucky Cavalry, is of the 4th Kentucky Mounted Infantry,) at present commandant at Albany, very kindly introduced me to the citizens, with whom this officer's moderate policy is quite popular.

THE PRESENT LABOR SYSTEM IN GEORGIA.

The very first I was introduced to, began with the information that the "niggers" wouldn't work. One young man complained that he had made fair offers to his people—one-half over and above plantation expenses—but so many of them preferred to idle their time away that he was obliged to appeal to Col. Willing for a guard to come out and instruct them in their duty. But, as they saw him coming, they all scampered off. This same young man told me two days after that his people had been so reckless he had been obliged to give up his cotton—400 acres—and had left instructions to the overseer to devote himself to the corn crop alone.

The next who talked with me was Mr. Conger, an emigrant from South Carolina, and brother-in-law of ex-Governor Hamilton, of that State, residing in Griffin, Georgia, but owning a large plantation near Albany, which he had come down to see, in consequence of the reports of his overseer that it was impossible, *without whipping*, to make the negroes work to any practical result. Mr. Conger appeared a gentleman of such culture and gentleness that I willingly encouraged him to develop more fully his status. He informed me that he had finished his education in Europe. His manner was sincere and moderate, his language good, and his figure and bearing seemed a more than commonly good specimen of the southern planter. He entertained a hope that the North would not attempt to oppress the South because it had been beaten—or, rather, as was more proper to say, overwhelmed. He hoped that Congress, when it assembled, would, in its good judgment, see fit to moderate the severity of the proclamation, and make the process of abolition gradual. He could not think but that, when the wisdom of the country came to reflect, the injustice of such sudden action to masters, and its impolicy to slaves would appear. The lands of the South would be utterly valueless without slavery. The profits of the planter *had never been from his crops, but from the increase of his slaves*. And there was a misapprehension in the North in reference to the supposed large profits of southern planters. For his own part, his capital had never yielded more than *three per cent., and hardly that.*

I assured him that immediate emancipation was inevitable.

Well, then, he hoped the State would be allowed to regulate the system of labor by *some practical system of police, that would give the owner of the plantation control of the labor and prevent the negroes from straying.* Unless this was done, the healthy and able would wander off and leave the sick, aged, and infants, upon the planters' hands to be supported.

WHAT THE NEGROES SAY ABOUT WORKING.

Finally, a most excellent, kind-hearted, liberal and enterprising gentleman, who was from the first opposed to secession—a pioneer from the North, and one of the first settlers from Albany—Mr. Tift, volunteered to take me in his carriage on a little tour of inspection. We were accompanied by two proprietors of convenient plantations it was proposed to visit.

At the first plantation, two miles from town, belonging to Mr. Cutliffe, all were out in the field but old Ben, who, after chaining up a very violent and villanous looking cur, to whose neck was gracefully attached, by a chain, a stick of wood, came forth and bowed low before his massa and company of visitors. Mr. Vason, a prominent lawyer in Albany (at one time in the Georgia Senate), did the examination on one side, occasionally intruding a modest cross-question.

"Ben, how many on this plantation would work without being driven?"

"Well, Massa, dah's Milly an' Isaac," &c., counting them on his fingers—the result of which process was that, in his opinion, about half of the workers only could at present be relied upon.

"Do you think," said I, "it would make any difference with these lazy ones if they were allowed to work for themselves?"

"Don't tink it would, massa."

"But, supposing they had a little patch of land fenced off—each a little farm to himself, where he could live by himself with his wife and children—don't you think some of the lazy ones would work then?"

"Yes, massa, I tink dey would."

Encouraged, I asked him another question, for I was beginning to be surprised at the independence and apparent intelligence of the old slave, who looked anything but a promising subject at first; and, at first, all his answers were one way—on the one side of his master and in favor of slavery, as he appeared not to have been definitely informed that his former status as a slave was about to be materially altered—(I fear it is still a doubtful problem with too many.) Thus, his first answer to what he thought of freedom, was, lightly, "I's allus been free mysel," looking toward his master, who nodded approvingly; but as soon as he appeared to get an inkling that it was a proper time to express his genuine sentiments, both his manner and réplies materially altered, showing that he was not the senseless clod he appeared to be, and such as unprejudiced men would be likely to mistake him, but very evidently a reasoning creature, that, as soon as released from bondage, discovered himself.

"Can you read, Ben?" said I.

"No, massa."

"Would you like to learn?"

"Dat I would, massa, mighty well."

"What effect do you think learning to read would have on the idle and foolish, who don't appear to be disposed to work unless they are forced to?"

"I tinks it would *steady* 'em, massa."

Old Ben brought me a watermelon, and while we were eating, the old chattel startled his master by a sudden aggressive movement of his intellectual machinery:

"Massa William" (addressing his master), "da's one ting if the slaves gwine to be free, what's gwine to become o' de ole folks?"

"What do you think should be done, Ben?" said I, interposing.

"I tink you, Massa William, ought to take care ob 'em."

"But," said his master, "why should I do that when you are free?"

"Cause I done work for you, massa, all my life. *You got* my labor; when I can't work no more, you have to take care o' me."

"Well, but that labor of yours, Ben, I havn't got now; it's all spent if the slaves are freed."

"Can't help dat, massa; dat not my business. You has had de work; I haint had it. Now, what am I gwine to do if you don't take ker o' me? Ef I had been allowed to keep my own labor, I would now hab enough. Dat's so, massa!"

"Well, but suppose I have not got anything to support you with, Ben?"

"You got de land, massa. You jis gib me de use ob a little patch o' land, I take keer ob myself; you need'nt feed me."

"Ha, ha!" said I, "gentlemen, there is the problem. It is your own fight. I ain't in."

DOGS.

"What do you keep that dog for, Ben?" said I, just as we were leaving.

"Bite folks when dey come 'bout de house at night, massa; bite anybody den, but me."

"Will he hunt?" giving him a look.

"All de dogs will hunt, massa; chase a nigger an' tear him."

"Are there any hounds, kept by men who follow the business, about here?"

"Bleeve dar is, massa."

Jocularly, to Ben's master, "I wonder how they charge; by the job or by the day?"

They smiled, and answered, "The same as hunting stock, I 'spose."

WHIP IN HAND.

We rode to one of Mr. Vason's places. On the way, passed a novel sight to me, a reader of history, just from the free North. It seemed an anachronism. Thirty slaves, men and women, were hoeing in a field, while an overseer, whip in hand, lounged in his saddle in front of them, like a colonel of pioneers before his motley regiment, toiling in two ranks. The overseer's pants were inside his boots; his hat was slouched, and his position on his horse was altogether, taking his surroundings, excessively "chivalrous."

NEGRO QUARTERS AND NEGRO OVERSEERS.

We arrived at the next plantation, and went down to "quarters." I omitted to describe Ben's "quarters," which were as comfortless as could be well imagined. No window-glass, nor even sash, to look like "white folks," but a wide trap-door, to be closed at night upon the wretched human vermin, festering in naked squalor within. At the next plantation the "quarters" were even worse, if worse could be. What possible morality could ever vegetate in such barrenness? However, there, at the door of his cabin, sits Isaac, the black headman. We are indebted to the rheumatism for the pleasure of finding him at home to-day. All the rest are afield. I must not omit to mention, as an additiou to the "dominant race" represented in this tableau, the white overseer of the place—who says "thar" and "whar," and has a set face, narrow forehead, and by no means gentle eyes.

ISAAC.

A very independent and self-possessed chattel is Isaac. Broad-shouldered, muscular, stubborn jaws, hard-features, and deep-set eyes. I thought to myself, were I a slave, I would rather have any white man in the party "drive" me than Isaac. Rather self-important Isaac, and his master evidently did his best to flatter this trait in him. No doubt his services were valuable in the field, he being intrusted with sufficient authority to lighten his own labor a little, by looking after that of all the rest. At first, Isaac's replies, like Ben's, were all his master could wish. "Niggers wouldn't work unless he was there to lead 'em or to drive 'em." He seemed to be as much in the dark as Ben, in respect to any prospect of freedom.

At last I ventured a question or two that seemed to enlighten him, and to present the subject in a new phase, that he had not thought to contemplate.

"Would they work if they had their own little patches of ground leased to them at a rate of one-third of the crop?"

He thought most of them would, and support their families, and lay up something besides.

"Could he read?"

A little, and he would like to read more, if he had time. He would read at night, but his day work made him too tired. He thought learning to read would steady the hands. He seemed to be certain of this.

THE HORRORS OF COTTON PLANTING.

"But, massa, if we're gwine to have freedom, dar's one thing hab to be changed. We work too hard. From sun-up to sun-down, de whole year roun'. Massa, dat's what we hab to do raisin' cotton, de way we work now, and dat's too much."

I was surprised to hear him, thus, of his own accord, announce my own conclusion. The heartless cruelty of the slave cotton-culture I never fully realized, until I learned that there is no vacation the whole year round. Masters had already explained to me how compulsory labor was the only system available for cotton-culture, which requires constant and unremitting toil. Think of the heart's blood that used to reek in cotton at seven cents a pound! Each hand is expected to tend fifteen acres of cotton and ten acres of corn, so that the whole year round, from twilight to twilight, he is either plowing or "picking." For God's sake, if a man is determined to have his cotton shirts for ten cents a yard, let some Yankee go right to work and invent a cotton-picking machine that won't need moral lubrication. Otherwise there seems to be small hope for freedom for the cotton laborers; for the Yankee man-driver is coming, only worse than the Southerner, to reproduce the oppressions of the "middle men" of Jamaica.

"Do you go to church here, Isaac?"

"No; da's no church nearer dan four miles, and dat's only once a month for de niggers."

"Any of you belong to the church?"

"Only one—dat's Jim"—or somebody.

An old, ricketty, female chattel here appeared, and bringing her heavy hoe down from her shoulder with a thud upon the ground, wanted the privilege of going to see her daughter—the only child left her—who had been driven off by the cruel mistress of a neighboring plantation, and was wandering about somewhere in the neighborhood—she was afraid starving to death. She wanted to bring her home with her. There was objection to this—didn't need another hand—from the overseer. Master advised her to get her daughter fixed on some other plantation, but if needs must she might be brought home.

Here Isaac interposed, if it came to that he would like to be with his wife—thought she either ought to be allowed to come to him or he to her, if they were both free.

"Well," said the good-natured master, laughing, "get your wife away from her mistress, without making a fuss with that lady, stealing away one of her 'hands,' and you may have her with you."

"IF THE NIGGAHS WAS FREE."

Isaac thought it ought to make no difference what his wife's mistress thought about it, "if the niggahs was free."

That's the question—a very precarious one in Southwestern Georgia.

All the energies of the South, this season, are devoted to making *one more crop of cotton by compulsory labor.*

Do you suppose the slaves are going to get any portion of the present crop above the plantation expenses? Not upon the planter's theory that this sole profit, in the best of times, was the increase of his slaves; for he reckons into the yearly expense, of course, the whole expense of his own maintenance and that of his family. And on this plea *the whole crop will go into the planter's pocket.* It does very well to tell the commandant of the post, to be reported to the authorities, and to put the powers that be at rest, "Everything is working smoothly; the planters submit with grace to the change of labor. They are cultivating the present crop on shares with their negroes."

No such thing.

SLAVERY NOT ABOLISHED IN GEORGIA.

The planters have no idea of the possibility of there being any "grace" in "submission." Not they. *I tell you the "proclamation" has no more changed the status in Southwestern Georgia than in Cuba.*

Col. Willing is a kind-hearted man and a convert to free labor—a system, however, to which he is by birth and education a stranger; he owned slaves himself in Kentucky until that marauder, Jesse, mounted the last one on his plow mule and ran him off. But Col. Willing *can do nothing to change the status.* Slaves are beaten and come in to him complaining of brutal treatment. The most he can do is to send "the nigger" back to work again; can't be suffered to rove about and run the risk of starvation or a bullet. When cases of wanton cruelty occur, as *is more frequently the case now than formerly*—for the negroes are restive, doubly so from well-grounded fears of treachery to their rights—the masters are *reprimanded. But it is considered impolitic to forbid whipping entirely*, as the admitted theory of nigger government by their old masters is, that its fundamental, indispensable, first and last principle is—not affection, nor even hope—but *fear.*

You who card and spin this year's crop of American cotton, mark it bleached by the same old process of unrecompensed sweat and tears and blood.

THE BLACKS TO BE KEPT UNDER CONTROL.

Now, don't understand me as implying a cruel disposition in the Albany planters. Those I met, at least, are, I am sure, naturally kind-hearted. But the slaveholder can not possibly comprehend that the flesh and blood he has paid for is of the same clay as his own. *There is no use talking. No representative from Southwest Georgia, at least, will fail to use his utmost interest to secure such a system of police as will keep labor under control.* Every one I talked with said otherwise he would give up.

I wish to God they would. Talk with these old slaveholders, you seem in a dream—transported back in the path of progress two hundred years. They are like owls, only blinded completely by sudden day.

On our way back, we passed Palmyra, where stands a government tannery, grinding bark by no power visible at first, or suspected. The machinery is run by an underground creek—a great curiosity. There are several similar streams in this region, soft limestone being favorable to sinks and submarine channels.

I was very hospitably entertained by Mr. Benson, at Albany. I was well treated by all. I promised to present actual views, and I have tried to do so. *I have high respect for many I met, as men; but, as slaveholders, they are totally* non compos mentis, *and* non compos *morally. With a dark face, no human creature would run any sort of a chance with them for his "rights."*

Now, I sincerely believe that I have presented the truth without prejudice. The courteous treatment that everywhere in Albany waylaid me, predisposed me to note every favorable point in the "status;" but, unless I am mistaken, every single "point" the slaveholders represent as the *truth* of their system will appear also to be its *error.*

LOUISIANA.

[A correspondent of the Lorain County (Ohio) *News* writes to that paper thus:]

STEAMER RUTH, MISS. RIVER, June 22d, 1865.

EDITOR NEWS: No question occupies my mind so deeply as the question of Negro Suffrage, and that interest has been intensified by the spirit manifested in the South, since the question has arisen in connection with the reconstruction of the Southern States.

The feeling of the old master, and almost the entire mass of the South, is one of intense bitterness toward those who have been snatched from their greedy grasp. They wreak the wrath of disappointment and defeated hopes upon the innocent and helpless victims that have been the cause of the war, and their sore defeat.

The idea of their enfranchisement only adds fuel to the flame.

If the colored people show any impatience under this treatment, they are taunted with the sarcasm, "You think you are free, you black nigger. I'll show you;" and in their efforts to escape, they are often waylaid and shot. One morning while in Montgomery, it was reported that seventeen came in with their ears cut off, and Mr. Conway, Gen. Supt. Freedmen, reports in a note, that such things were daily occurrences coming under his observation.

It is the deliberate intention of the Southern politicians, who are moving heaven and earth to get into power and favor with the administration, to make the freedom of the colored race a *farce*, to reorganize their government, and leave the race in a servile condition of serfdom, without power to say what law shall govern them, or who shall be judge or jury.

To show the spirit that is at work, I will quote from a speech of Gov. Wells, a few days since in New Orleans, on his return from Washington, as Governor of Louisiana.

The Governor says: "It must be perceptible to every one who is conversant with the political history of our country, that the Radical Abolition party is broken up, disorganized and demoralized, despite their apparent success during the present war. The official corruption, unequalled by any party which has ever preceded or may ever succeed it, has rendered them obnoxious to the American people. The heavy taxation which must necessarily follow, to pay the enormous debt of this war, and which must continue the next half century, fixes an odium on that party, which will outlive the party itself. Then to whom shall we look for the healing of our national wounds? Is it not to the Conservative and Democratic party, under whose benign teachings we have grown and prospered as a nation?"

Col. Field, M. C. from New Orleans, followed in the vein struck, by saying, such Radicals as Sumner held that no State should come back into the Union, unless it extended the right of suffrage to the black men. For his part he had his choice of associates. Negro suffrage was not popular in the North, and only tolerated in Massachusetts and New York. This government is for the white man, the Anglo Saxon, and why should Sumner wish us to do what is not done in the North?

Gen. Logan's speech on Negro Suffrage has been published twice in the New Orleans *Times*. He says, "The President nor Congress can say who shall vote in Louisiana."

This is a doctrine they roll as a sweet morsel under their tongues.

The President's policy is much applauded. He is going to leave the question of Negro Suffrage to the loyal whites of the South, of whom there is scarcely a corporal's guard. But the question left to any class in the South is foregone. Lo! the poor African has nothing to hope for from his old master or from Southern politicians. His *only hope* is in the *eternal vigilance of his friends in the North.*

G. N. CARRUTHERS.

MEETING AT BOSTON IN RELATION TO NEGRO SUFFRAGE.

From the Boston Journal.

A MEETING of gentlemen to consider whether the highest interests of the whole country do not require that the right of suffrage, in the Southern States, be independent of race and color, and also the practical measures which should be taken in relation to this subject, was held Friday, June 30, at the Rooms of the Board of Trade. The meeting was called to order by Mr. A. A. Lawrence. Mr. Robt. B. Storer was chosen to preside, and Messrs. Edw. Atkinson, Jr., and R. K. Darrah were appointed Secretaries.

Hon. Theophilus Parsons briefly stated his views on the subject, urging the danger of two great precipitancy of action, and the duty of delay; suggesting the presentation of a letter to President Johnson assuring him of their sympathy and coöperation in the steps which he had already taken, and furnishing some suggestions with regard to the terms and provisions of reconstruction as related to the right of suffrage. Mr. Parsons moved the appointment of a committee to draft such a letter and it was so voted.

R. B. Forbes, Esq., moved that Mr. Parsons constitute that committee and draft on the spot a letter for the purpose named.

Mr. Parsons said that he could not do this, but with the permission of the meeting would read a draft already prepared, which he then proceeded to do, the letter being a somewhat extended statement of the views he had previously expressed, embracing an appeal not for what is to be done to-day, but for what is *not* to be done to-day. At its conclusion, Mr. Parsons argued further in support of his opinion, and made reference to an article in the New York *World* favoring the extirpation of the colored race.

Mr. J. S. Farlow hoped that the gentlemen would study their ground well so that a voice might go forth from this community which could not be mistaken. While he heartily endorsed the main sentiments of the letter just read, he said that he was opposed to this placing the principle of expediency before right.

Mr. E. H. Derby went a step farther: he believed in an organized militia, in which should be enrolled all, irrespective of race or color, between the ages of twenty and forty, and from which should be excluded all who had borne arms against the country during the rebellion. He would have this addition to the laws relating to suffrage, and if any restriction is to be made in extending the elective franchise to the negro, he would have it restricted to those being able to read and write.

Mr. William Brigham moved the reference of the letter read by Mr. Parsons to the committee for further preparation.

C. M. Ellis, Esq., seconded the motion, and suggested that the committee also be instructed to report any practical measures which should be taken in relation to this subject. He urged the instruction of the committee to consider whether some measure should not be determined upon to give notification of the determination to carry out this principle of right until all remaining evidence of the old institution shall be removed, and to inaugurate a movement for the amendment of the Constitution of the United States prohibiting Congress from imposing any disabilities on any citizens of the United States, on the ground of race or color.

Mr. Edward Atkinson, Jr., desired that this letter should go forth as the expressed sentiment of the business men of Boston, that their highest self-interest was in harmony with the strictest justice, and that they urged delay on that ground.

The following gentlemen were chosen on the committee: Messrs. Theophilus Parsons, J. S. Farlow, John M. Forbes, Amos A. Lawrence, Alpheus Hardy.

Mr. Ellis moved that the committee be instructed to consider and report at an adjourned meeting on the subject to which he had referred.

Mr. Parsons then moved the addition of the following names to the committee: Messrs. C. M. Ellis, Edw. Atkinson, Jr., and Wm. Brigham.

The meeting then adjourned.

THE REPUBLIC OF LABOR.

From the Evening Post, July 5.

THE signal benefit of the great work of emancipation performed by the war is not simply the release of the Southern slaves from their chains of bondage, but the elevation of the whole republic into a nation of working-men. While slavery endured, a stain of degradation and even of disgrace was diffused through the whole body of labor. Every man who toiled was insensibly likened to those whose toil was a mark of their inferiority. But now that slavery is gone, we may contemplate the life of the laborer in its true character, in all its usefulness, in all its dignity, in all its many relations to the good of society. Before, while we identified the laborer with the low, repulsive, and servile condition in which labor was performed, our eyes were blinded to the perception of its true nature and uses. We estimated it wholly by the material advantages it brought us, and not by its high moral worth and merit. A function that slaves might fulfil was not a function that excited either admiration or regard; it was declared a grovelling function, one that a scholar might justly abhor and a gentleman despise.

But now that our eyes are opened, let us look at the great fact with a deeper insight and wisdom. Three virtues lie in labor, which present themselves at once in any consideration of its value: a man perfects himself by working; he perfects his individual outward condition; and he helps to bind together, in finer relations, the whole framework of society. "Consider," says Carlyle, "how the soul of a man is composed into a kind of real harmony the moment he sets himself to work! Doubt, desire, sorrow, remorse, indignation, despair itself, like hell-dogs, beleaguer the soul of the poor day-worker, as of every man; but he bends himself with free valor against his task, and all these are stilled, all these shrink murmuringly far off into their caves. The man is now a man. The blessed glow of labor is in him, as purifying fire wherein all poison is burnt up—and of sour smoke itself there is made bright blessed flame."

Labor creates wealth and the desire for wealth, wherefrom no doubt a mean and pernicious mammonism is born, but it also distributes wealth, whereby the multitude are lifted into greater comfort, and an equality of human conditions produced. This we discern in the gradual emergence of our laboring masses from the depressing burden of toil into a larger freedom and ease and respectability. They become more and more, as they acquire freedom, the readers of journals and books—frequenters of schools and lyceums—and patrons of letters and the gentle arts. The improvement of their physical condition inspires self-respect and personal dignity—cleanses and adorns their homes—hangs their walls with pictures and their minds with the still more beautiful ideals of a true life. But these achievements are feeble and faint foreshadowings only of the glory that is yet to come out of the simple material progress of the masses.

A grander effect of free, honest, self-respectful industry, however, is its ability to clasp and bind society into a net-work of mutual dependence and order. A few years ago, all the civilized world wondered at material displays brought together in Crystal Palaces, which were indeed almost blinding in their magnificence—but the moral beauty exhibited in them was to the discerning eye far more brilliant. It was the lesson of human brotherhood they taught which lent them their chief value; how

"All are needed by each one,
Nothing is fair or good alone:"

how the labor of all the world contributes to each article we wear; how every machine, even the smallest, is an epitome or landmark of the general progress, and embodies the energies of mankind; how the simplest fabric connects us with the ends of the earth! The lovely girl, who blushes like a rose amid her silks and jewels, is tied by them to a dependency that she little thinks of—to the swarthy miner who dug their materials from the earth—to the distant diver for pearls, by which they are adorned—to the wan, haggard mechanic who gave them form and color—and to the tarry mariner who shelters them from the tempests of the seas. All men are useful to all men, and the lofty dweller on the summits of society must look down, either in respect or in need, upon the humblest occupant of the vales.

Thus industry interlaces our wants and sympathies, and is even still more vitally organic; it concentrates and organizes its own mighty forces. Just in the degree in which it is developed, its processes are multiplied and complicated. As the wheels and pulleys of its mechanism increase, their relations to each other increase. Link is fastened to link, chain is grappled to chain, till an iron web of unity spreads over the globe. Each branch of business becomes the tie to a thousand other branches, the nexus or connecting pin, without which they cannot work, and the disturbance of which sends a shiver of disaster through wide circles, if it does not operate general confusion and uproar. But this dependency of all the departments of industry upon each other must grow with the increasing development and freedom of industry, so that a thorough, universal, and scientific organization of the stupendous agencies which move commerce and trade, would seem to be, sooner or later, inevitable.

Where is this grand synthesis so likely to be performed as in this republic, now that the incubus of slavery has been dislodged, and all our millions of free people stand upon their free soil, a single and united republic of laborers? Who can conceive, much less describe, the grandeur and the swiftness of the social development which must follow upon the complete unfettering of all the energies of an enterprising and restless race, under circumstances so propitious? We have been wont to boast of the unexampled progress of our industries in times past; we have pointed with pride to our railroads, and canals, and telegraphs, and factories, and shops, to the rapid increase of wealth, to the almost universal diffusion of comfort among all classes to the spread of education, to the newspapers and libraries and pulpits and lyceums; and our pride has had its just support in the facts. But if we have done this with one foot clogged, with one-half the nation bound in the iron clasp of a false system of industry, what shall we not do when that clog is broken, when those fetters are unloosed, and all men shall hereafter work under the best of conditions, because they will work in freedom, and with their minds and hearts as well as their wills engaged in the task!

[The Washington "Occasional Correspondent" of the Philadelphia *Press*, under date of July 5th, writes thus of the celebration of the 4th by the colored people on the Presidential Mansion grounds:]

WASHINGTON, July 5, 1865.

THE celebration of the Fourth of July by the colored people, yesterday, was an occasion for honorable record and remembrance. Held in the President's grounds, by the President's prompt

Who that saw this orderly, intelligent, well-dressed, and patriotic concourse, could doubt that those who composed it understood their duties to society and themselves? Were the men not as fit to vote as many who now use and abuse that sacred right? Do they not deserve it as well as those who exercise it, after having fought or intrigued for the crushed rebellion? And will they not honor it as much as the thousands who, born in other lands, come here fresh and uneducated, and throw their ballots too often as the party leaders give the cue? The colored residents of Washington, as a class, are entitled to vote by experience, intelligence, and unchallenged loyalty. Let them have a chance to enjoy that which is so loosely, so lavishly given to others. I am willing to confide the whole problem to them. If they do not show they are fit for it, then there is no virtue in the school-house, the newspaper, the prayer-meeting, and, above all, in the talisman of emancipation. The proposition that American citizens of African descent, many of whom have for years paid taxes and owned property, and among whom I number exemplary, pious, and intelligent men, shall vote in our city elections, has created some uneasiness among the worthy gentlemen who have been spending most of the last four years in the Southern States, helping to save Jeff Davis the trouble of being hung on that celebrated acid apple-tree; but, as these are the days of experiment, why not let us try this among the rest?

OCCASIONAL.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1865.

THE PLOT AGAINST CONGRESS.

MR. PHILLIPS'S letter, published last week, has attracted no little attention and comment—the latter of a widely various character. The *Evening Post* thinks the danger of the admission of Rebel delegations into Congress backed by the President more fancied than real, because an oath prescribed by Act of Congress bars out all Rebels. It is perfectly true there is such an oath. By the Act of Congress of July 1, 1862, every Congressman elect must, before entering on the duties of his office, subscribe the following:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear that I have never voluntarily borne arms against the United States since I have been a citizen thereof; that I have voluntarily given no aid, counsel, or encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility thereto; that I have neither sought nor accepted, nor attempted to exercise the functions of any office whatever, under any authority or pretended authority, in hostility to the United States; that I have not yielded a voluntary support to any pretended government, authority, power, or constitution within the United States, hostile or inimical thereto; so help me God."

But, in the first place, that oath need not be and cannot be tendered till after the election of a speaker, so that there is nothing in it to prevent the Rebel members from being put on the rolls by the Clerk, and taking part in the organization of the House. In the second place, this same oath excludes by its terms other than Congressmen. The Act declares: "*Every* person elected or *appointed to any office of honor or profit under the Government of the United States* shall, before entering upon the duties of such office, take and subscribe the following oath." The President has already openly nullified this law. He has appointed William W. Holden to "an office of honor and profit under the Government of the United States"—that of Provisional Governor of North Carolina. William W. Holden was a member of the Convention that took North Carolina out of the Union, voted for the ordinance of secession, and held an office under the Rebel Government. He cannot take the oath without perjuring himself, yet the President has permitted him to "enter upon the duties of his office," conveniently prescribing a different and less stringent form of oath for his benefit. So of Gov. Perry of South Carolina, who was a Judge of a Confederate Court—so, we believe, of Parsons and Sharkey. Is there the slightest reason to suppose that in the case of members of Congress the President will be more scrupulous than in the case of these Governors? If he wants the Rebel delegation admitted, the law which he has already defied will not be suffered to stand in his way.

But is there any danger that the President will endeavor to crowd these Rebel delegations into Congress? That depends to some extent on how far he can manufacture a public opinion to support him—and there is already a good deal of public opinion that does not need to be manufactured at all. The pro-slavery press is quick to perceive its chance. The Springfield *Republican* says:

"Mr. Phillips fears the Clerk of the House will not have 'firmness' enough to refuse to receive the credentials of Southern representatives. *As the theory on which the war has been fought and the rebellion subdued and the State governments are being reorganized, is that no State has been out of the Union or can be got out, it will require a quality very different from firmness in the Clerk of the House to undertake to exclude any member bringing proper credentials, or in the House itself to arrogate any such power. It will be an act of revolution quite as flagrant as any that the Southern traitors have attempted,* and Mr. Phillips will find that he cannot persuade many members of Congress to any such madness."

The New York *Express* asserts, in similar tone, that—

"Mr. Phillips would tempt the Clerk of the House to be a Revolutionist, and to disorganize the government. *The duty of Mr. McPherson is clear, and he cannot avoid it,* viz., *to enrol the members from North Carolina, and Tennessee, as well as from Massachusetts, and Rhode Island.* The House can judge of Members' rights, not the Clerk, whose duty the law prescribes, as clear as light. If *Mr. McPherson were to attempt this revolution, does Mr. Phillips fancy that conservative Republicans or Democrats would submit? No!* They would accept the record of the Executives of the States, made according to law, and the House then being recognized by Andrew Johnson the President, Massachusetts could stay out in the cold, if she willed, with such other army robbers as might follow."

Language could not be more significant than that, but at least equally significant is the silence of such Democratic journals as the New York *World*, which copy Mr. Phillips's letter without comment.* They are feeling the pulse of the public before committing themselves to the headlong policy of their less astute co-laborers, whom we have quoted above.

Profiting by the example which the *World* sets it, the Washington *Chronicle*, the official organ of the administration, approaches the question with caution. Quoting the letter in full, it remarks:

"The foregoing is a fair sample of the habit of making and borrowing trouble, without which Mr. Wendell Phillips and his school of meddlers could not survive. *Nothing vexes these gentlemen more than the prospect of a tranquil and lasting settlement of the slavery question.*"

What vexes "Mr. Wendell Phillips and his school" is the probable illegal and forcible intrusion into Congress of Rebel Delegations backed by the President, and that intrusion is what the *Chronicle* regards as "the prospect of a tranquil and lasting settlement of the slavery question." It considers, however, that the President will not himself promote this tranquil settlement, and asserts that he has declared: "That he will not assist whoever may be elected as representatives to Congress by the seceded States to secure their seats." And we are referred to his speech to the South Carolina delegation, with the remark that Mr. Phillips could not have written as he did if he had read that speech. We, having read it very carefully, assert that the *Chronicle* either does not know what that speech contains, or meant to deceive its readers by referring to it. The President does not make any such pledge as the *Chronicle* puts into his mouth. Our readers will find the speech in the STANDARD of July 1, and can look for themselves. But we shall quote some things he did say, which prove beyond question that he regards the rebel States as still in the Union, and by consequence entitled to seats in Congress when they present themselves. He says:

"*A State cannot go out of the Union, and, therefore, none of them having gone out, we must deal with the question of restoration, and not reconstruction.* He suspected that he was a better States' Rights man than some of those now present."

Holding that view of the relation of the States to the Federal Government, he avows his purpose to make his opinion the law of the nation:

"Being providentially brought to his present condition, *he intended to exert the power and influence of the government so as to place in power the population of this nation.*"

Lest there should be any doubt what is meant by that declaration, he says, specifically:

"The Constitution of the United States, in speaking of persons to be chosen as Representatives in Congress, says that the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature. *Here we find a resting place.* This was the point at which the rebellion commenced—all the States were in the Union moving in harmony—but a portion of these rebelled, and, *to some extent, suspended and paralyzed the operations of their governments.* * * *

"The loyal men who were compelled to bow and submit to the Rebellion should, now that the Rebellion is ended, *stand equal to loyal men* EVERYWHERE. Hence the wish of restoration, and the trying to get back the States to the point at which they formerly moved in perfect harmony."

Could language be clearer? Bear in mind that this speech is made to a South Carolina delegation, begging to know how to get back into the Union. "Your State was never out," says the President. "Come back loyal, and the doors of the Capitol are are again open to you as before." It is true he admonishes them that they must regard slavery as a thing of the past, but how? He has "no *hope* [as if he had the wish] that the people of South Carolina could be admitted until they had afforded evidence by their conduct of this truth—that is, that Slavery is abolished." But of negro suffrage, or abolition of State slave codes, or guaranty of any right or any safeguard to the negro, not one word.

On the question of danger, then, we prove that the President has declared his desire to see the Rebel States again represented in Congress, and his belief in their immediate right to be so represented; that to take the first step toward getting them he has already nullified the only law which can exclude them, and that both Democratic and Republican papers are pledged in advance to the support of his scheme. Of what follows we shall have more to say hereafter.

* But since this was written, the *World* has taken courage, and declares that if Mr. McPherson does not admit the Rebel delegations, it will be a revolutionary act.

"'They must,' says Phillips, 'keep Andy Johnson within the sight and sound of Charles Sumner's and Judge Kelley's voice and advice,' and '*crush*' him (these are Phillips's words) unless he will connive with them to violate the laws of the United States, and override the rules of the House of Representatives, and sustain the Republicans elected to that body in keeping out of it members from the Southern States, who have been elected according to law, and in compliance with the stringent tests they themselves have imposed. Is not that revolution? If not, what is?"

DEMOCRACY: NEW DEFINITIONS.

THE present moment is distinguished for Definitions. On every hand religious congresses are held to define positions. The Unitarians held theirs in this city in April. The Congregationalists met at Boston in June. The Methodists we hear of in Erie, Cleveland, and other places, as far west as Kentucky. Presbyterians and Baptists are also in similar action.

Generally, these assemblages exhibit a fervid zeal for propagandism; the newly conquered Southern States, being the field mostly contemplated, or first in order. Their great solicitude seems to be, to so shape and sugar over their sectarian dogmas as that the largest possible numerical and material harvests may be secured.

Political parties are also newly fired with similar desires and hopes. And last week we had, from high authority, some fresh commentaries on the Declaration of Independence and new definitions of modern Democracy. In their appropriate corner of the STANDARD, to-day, will be found two of these latest manifestoes of the metropolitan chiefs of the party press, the New York *World* and *News*.

The *World*, anticipating the orations of the next day, which was the Fourth, used this language:

"The substance of these orations, if the advice of such journals is taken [*Tribune, Independent*, and others of that stamp], will consist of the deduction of negro suffrage from the language of the Declaration of Independence, as thus: All men are created equal; therefore negroes are the equals of white men; and as white men vote, the privilege cannot be denied to negroes without flying in the teeth of the Declaration. This argument, seemingly so triumphant, is without force unless it can be shown that the assertion that 'all men are created equal,' was used with the same amplitude of meaning in the Declaration of Independence that is ascribed to it by the advocates of negro suffrage."

And why can that not be shown in letters of light and fire? The *World* adds:

"This part of the Declaration has been regarded by many eminent men as an excrescence. John Adams, who was on the committee with Jefferson, professed to admire it as a 'flight of oratory.' Rufus Choate characterized it as consisting of 'vague and glittering generalities.'"

And how does modern North-American Civilized, Christianized Democracy, now in the afternoon of the nineteenth century of grace, regard it? As "a flight of oratory"—as "vague and glittering generalities?" A fearful thing was once said about the sin against the Holy Ghost! But what woe is too severe to be denounced against such blasphemy towards the holy spirit of Freedom as this? It has already deluged us in the purgatorial fire and blood of one war, the most terrible ever known; and may soon plunge us into another, out of which, as a nation, we shall never come.

The *World* proceeds to say:

"The true purport and intention of the doctrine of human equality, as promulgated by Jefferson, must be sought in Locke, from whom he borrowed it, and who discourses on it more at length."

There was a Democracy once dwelling in this land, that would have spurned the idea that their great patriarch, Jefferson, *plagiarized* his immortal Declaration from Locke, or any author below the skies. But to say that either is responsible for the bloody and oppressive dogmas and deeds of the Democratic party of this country, for the last thirty years, is a violation of the ninth commandment of the Decalogue, which almost proves beyond question, the Calvinistic doctrine of Total Depravity.

A common rule in interpreting Scripture is, appeal to parallel passages; proving, in pulpit parlance, text by context.

The *World* itself quotes Locke thus:

"Men, when they enter into society, give up the equality, liberty, and executive power, which they had in a state of nature, into the hands of the society, to be so far disposed of by the legislature, as the good of the society shall require."

Mark the words here used: "GIVE UP THE EQUALITY," etc. Not have it wrested, wrung from them.

But does the *World*, or the flesh, or the devil even, pretend that the four hundred thousand and more colored people of South Carolina, do, did, or ever will "*give up* their natural liberty and equality," into the hands of any tyrants that do, did, or ever will assume to lord it over them, by the law of the lash and the branding iron?

When Queen Elizabeth hunted human men and women in Africa, for baser purposes than ever did a Gerard or a Cumming their lions and other beasts, did her victims "give up their natural liberty and equality," as she hurled them down into the hells of slavery, in her own or the Spanish Islands, to be tormented day and night, and their children after them, forever?

Did John Locke mean this, even two hundred years ago; or Thomas Jefferson, one hundred? Or if both meant just this, and no more, and no less, will the New York *World* and *Daily News* defend such Democracy to-day, over the graves of half a million men slain by the just judgments of Heaven for the crimes, cruelties, and oppressions practised under it, until the Infinite patience could and would suffer them no longer!

But whether Locke, or Jefferson, or both, ever intended or expected to be so distorted into stalking horses for American Slavery, is superabundantly shown throughout their works.

Locke, in this same "Treatise on Government" declares,

"Slavery is so vile and miserable an estate of man, and so directly opposite to the generous temper and courage of our nation, that it is hard to be conceived that an Englishman, *much less a gentleman*, should plead for it. The natural liberty of man is to be free from any superior power on earth, and not to be under the will of legislative authority of man, but to have only the law of nature for his rule.

"The liberty of man in society is to be under no legislative power, but that established *by consent* in the commonwealth; nor under the dominion of any will, nor restraint of any law, but what that legislature shall enact, according to the trust put in it.

"*Everybody has a property in his own person, that nobody has any right to but himself.* The labor of his body, and the work of his hands, we may say are properly his."

So much for John Locke. Had Mr. Jefferson's original Draft of the Declaration been adopted, the *World* would have been saved so unfortunate an exhibition of its lingering devotion to a system always accursed of God, and ever hereafter, let us hope, to be abhorred by man. That Instrument at first, contained this among the other charges against the British King.

"He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating its most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people, who never offended him; captivating and carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of *infidel* powers, is the warfare of the *Christian* King of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market, where MEN should be bought and sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce; and that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which *he* has deprived them, by murdering the people upon whom *he* also obtruded them; thus paying off former crimes committed against the *liberties* of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the *lives* of another." The italics and capitals are the author's own.

And if Mr. Jefferson needs more illuminating, let this be added from among his many blasting rebukes of slavery and its abettors everywhere:

"With what execration should that statesman be loaded, who permitting one half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots, and these into enemies; destroys the morals of the one part, and the love of country of the other! For if the slave can have a country in this world, it must be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, and contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors, to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the generations proceeding from him."

And once more: "Can the liberties of a nation be thought secure, when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people, that these liberties are the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I remember that God is just; that His justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with us in such a contest."

In the face of such demonstration as this, need any mortal mind be in doubt what Jefferson meant when he wrote that mightiest human production of eighteen hundred years, the Declaration of American Independence? Whatever Jefferson or John Locke intended to inculcate, these are their recorded words. Let the World look them fully in the face, and then chop its logic in defence of slavery, or apology for slaveholders.

Locke boldly pronounces, "Slavery so vile and miserable an estate of man, that it is hard to be conceived that an Englishman, much less a gentleman, should plead for it!" "*An Englishman*" of almost two hundred years ago! Jefferson indignantly exclaims, "with what execrations should that statesman be loaded who thus permits one half the citizens of a State to trample on the rights of the other?" Let the *World* and the *Daily News* consider these most unmistakable words!

First, the Constitution was interpreted, or perverted into defence of slavery—that slavery of which Jefferson farther said, "one hour of it is fraught with more misery than ages of that which he (the slaveholder) rose in rebellion to oppose!"

And when Conscience began to awake and to demand better readings of the Constitution, then the Church came with her divine sanctions of Slavery. When conscience better interpretations of the Constitution, the Church hastened with the Bible to prove a divine warrant, a God given authority for the nameless horrors and abominations of the plantation. And now behold the Declaration of Independence prostituted to the same base and unhallowed purposes!

came at last to the rescue of Liberty, and demanded

Surely the authors of such attempts, as Locke well avows, "are no gentlemen," unless in the American sense. Rather one might suppose them and their nation to belong to the God-abandoned, who are left "to believe a lie, that they may be damned."

THE Boston *Congregationalist* says:

"Reconstruction or reorganization is going on at the South quietly, and in most respects, satisfactorily.

"The following Southern States have elected Governors, as follows:

Kentucky	Thomas E. Bramlette.
Maryland	Thomas Swann.
Tennessee	William G. Brownlow.
Virginia	Francis A. Pierpont.
Missouri	Thomas C. Fletcher.
Arkansas	John Murphy.
Louisiana	James Madison Wells.

The President has appointed the following Provisional Governors:

South Carolina	Benjamin F. Perry.
North Carolina	William W. Holden.
Georgia	James Johnson.
Mississippi	William L. Sharkey.
Texas	Andrew J. Hamilton."

Too "quietly" altogether to be "satisfactory" to any but the most atheistic. Does not even the *Congregationalist* itself see that we are laying our new foundation on the subterranean fires, kindled by breath of God in four or five millions of human souls, to spout forth again, at his unalterable decree, in volcanic eruptions of blood and carnage, shaking land and sea?

THE Faneuil Hall Address, issued by the Committee of eminent gentlemen who were appointed for that purpose at the great Faneuil Hall meeting held on the 21st ult., in Boston, justly represents that the rebels must not be allowed to defy in politics, any more than in arms, the authority of the Republic; that the nation has still in view the very end for which the war was accepted and prosecuted, *the restoration of the States to their legitimate relations with the Republic;* that the right of this Republic to be a sovereign, among the sovereignties of the earth, must be put beyond future dispute, abroad as well as at home; and that, while we hold the rebel States in our military occupation, it is our right and our duty to secure, in regard to their reinstatement, whatever conditions the public safety and the public faith require. The Address assumes that, whatever danger there may be in protracted and extensive military occupation of the South, the people feel that their greatest hazard is in premature restoration; and it declares, and shows, that any restoration will be dangerous which does not secure, beyond all reasonable peril, the abolition of slavery, complete and veritable freedom to those who were enslaved, just rights to the free, and within each State a republican form of government.

THE Republican State Convention of Ohio did not quite succeed in its plan of harmonizing the party by abandoning its principles. The Troy (O.) *Times*, a Radical Republican paper in Miami County, remarks, after quoting the indorsement of the President:

"This of course settles the matter here in Ohio, until the next Convention meets. Those who believe in supporting the President in his wholesale pardoning of rebels and in refusing the ballot to the colored soldiers, will of course support the candidates that stand on his platform. For our own part, we support no such principles, nor the men who advocate them."

NATIONAL PRIZE JUBILEE SONG.—W. J. Demorest, 39 Beekman st., has this fine song (see it on our last page), called forth by the offer of a prize of one hundred dollars for the best National song, commemorative of our grand moral revolution; with music by Konrad Treuer.

A *Herald* correspondent, writing a pro-slavery letter from Columbus, Miss., remarks with inadvertent truthfulness:

"The candid truth is, that, generally speaking, the great majority of the Southern whites are not one whit the superiors in education or morals of the negroes. Both races have to be educated, have to be freed from the bondage of ignorance in which the slaveholder has kept both the negroes and the 'poor white trash,' before they will be able to judge correctly what is best for their interest and welfare. If any one wishes to comprehend how it was that the rebel leaders so successfully deluded this people into their accursed rebellion, and to see how completely the poorer whites became mere tools in the hands of the richer planters, he has only to come South and see how totally ignorant and fearfully depraved these poor whites are."

That is the class, ignorant and disloyal alike, out of which President Johnson proposes to "reconstruct" the States.

PERSONAL.

Moses Taylor pays a tax this year on an income for 1864 of $567,295, and John C. Fremont on an income of $27,402.

IT is said that Horatio Seymour is scheming to keep the political pool in a ferment by pushing forward Gen. Sherman, while he hopes ultimately to come to the surface himself as Presidential candidate.

Simon Cameron, Ben. Wade, and Senator Doolittle, have been buying some farms near Charleston, which were abandoned by their owners and sold by the Government.

Another emphatic protest against the appointment of Judge Parsons as Provisional Governor of Alabama was presented to the President on Saturday. It is numerously signed by Northern Alabama loyalists, who denounce Parsons as a secessionist *per se*, and a man in whom they have no confidence.

Mr. Mason Jones has been defeated in the Parliamentary election for Coventry, although he polled a respectable vote. The papers say that he had no personal influence, nothing to recommend him but his oratory, and that "he was regarded by the well-to-do class of electors as a mere adventurer."

WE find in our exchanges the following letter, said to have been captured with Beauregard's personal effects:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 13, 1862.

Hon. Wm. P. Miles, Richmond, Va.:

Has the bill for the execution of abolition prisoners after January next been passed? Do it, and England will be stirred into action. It is high time to proclaim the black flag after that period. *Let the execution be with the garrote.*

G. T. BEAUREGARD.

Rear Admiral Du Pont bequeathed $175,000, the whole amount of prize-money he received during the war, to establish in Washington a national asylum for the orphans of sailors and soldiers. It is a noble gift—worthy of the noble man who made it, one who never in his life did an ungenerous act, and who in his death will be blessed by the thousands whom his munificence saves from poverty and an ill life.

Gen. Grierson, who has just reached Vicksburg after a three months' expedition through Florida, Alabama, and Mississippi, would not allow the negroes to follow him. They were ordered back to their work, and in many cases, according to the New Orleans *Delta*, their masters were allowed to place them under lock and key until "the Yankees" had left the neighborhood. As a natural consequence, the rich rebels along the line of march were all politeness and attention.

Gov. Bramlette of Kentucky has discovered the winning side of the slavery conflict. He came forward reluctantly, indeed he did what he could to keep his State in the back-ground; but he is now zealous for emancipation. Gov. Magoffin, also, who played so treacherous a part in the early history of the rebellion, a pro-slavery zealot and rebel of the worst kind, now counts the "institution" past doctoring, and advises his people to fall into line with the rest of the free States.

Among the papers of Jeff. Davis, recently captured, the government has discovered several documents of vital importance in determining his guilt and complicity in the conspiracy plot. These documents are of such import as probably to determine the authorities in favor of his trial before a military commission upon the charge of assassination. If, however, it shall be determined to try him upon the charge of treason, he will be tried in a civil court.

Col. Charles G. Halpine (Miles O'Reilly) was severely injured by a railway accident, while returning from the Gettysburg Fourth of July Celebration, to which Miles had contributed an excellent poem. The railway companies must take care. They provoke us to tell a secret—that Col. Halpine, who now edits the *Citizen*, a very wide-awake New York weekly, is the author of so spirited an Anti-Slavery lyric as the famous "Flaunting Lie"—a poem we trust Miles won't leave out of the volume he promises to publish sometime.

The Washington *Chronicle* contradicts the report of the New York papers, that Mr. Seward has placed his resignation as Secretary of State at the disposition of the President, remarking: "Again is it necessary to stamp the statement as ridiculously false. The country will be glad to learn that Mr. Seward is rapidly recovering strength, and in a short time he will probably be relieved of much of the inconvenience produced by the fracture of his maimed limbs. He attended Cabinet yesterday, and, though keenly feeling the last blow that has fallen upon his hearthstone, has braced himself steadily to the great work in hand."

Col. G. M. L. Johnson, commanding the post of Columbus and sub-district of N. E. Mississippi, under whose charge and authority are thousands of emancipated negroes, is the author of this declaration:

"I trust that after my term of service is over I may never see another, and if the negroes give the President half as much trouble as they do me, I think it will be a long while before he takes any steps to give them the right of suffrage."

We echo the wish that he may never see another term of service, and add the hope that his present term may be a very short one.

New Bedford has lately lost by death its wealthiest resident and one of the most munificent of women—Sylvia Ann Howland. With an estate of two and a half millions, she gives about one million in legacies to friends: $20,000 goes to the Orphans' Home, with an additional reversionary interest of $15,000; $100,000 to the city of New Bedford towards introducing pure water and encouraging steam manufactures, and an aditional $100,000 to encourage liberal education and enlarge the free public library; the income of $50,000 to be divided among aged and infirm women of that city who may need relief; and so on. Surely, her name should be honored wherever charity is enshrined as a virtue.—*Commonwealth.*

Lenity towards the leading rebels is only kindness thrown away. A Richmond letter says that, last Monday, Mayor Mayo said, with considerable animation. "I shall run for Mayor of this city under the Constitution of Virginia and the laws of the State, in spite of the Government of the United States, so help me God. I defy them all." There appears to be no doubt of the disposition to elect him on the part of the majority of the people of Richmond, who are rebels still in heart, as they have been both in heart and act for four years past. But Mayo has thought better of it and declined. Other rebels enough remain candidates to give the "people of Richmond a chance to choose a man after their own heart."

The Mobile *Tribune* says of Provisional Gov. Parsons of Alabama: "We know that he has had opportunities of understanding our late 'peculiar institution,' and also that he was *interested* in it. And thus, *not being an extremist*, and comprehending the greatest difficulty which will meet a Provisional Governor of this State, we can hope that the rumor of his appointment will be presently confirmed by official notification." Which means simply that Mr. Parsons is relied on by the slaveholding interest of Alabama to save as much as he can, as long as he can, of the "peculiar institution."

IT would be interesting, says the *Boston Advertiser*, to know more of President Lincoln's mother, and of the influence she undoubtedly had in guiding the mind of the youthful pioneer. But we never shall; nearly all that remains to us of her brief biography is, that she taught her son to read the Bible. Near the village of Gentryville, Spencer County, Indiana, is her grave, a modest grass-covered mound, without headstone or monument. A few weeks before his tragic death, the President expressed his intention, in a letter to a friend, to visit the locality and erect a suitable memorial over the grave. A paper, in commenting on this fact, remarks "he was not permitted to fulfil his desire." No and yes. He raised no monument of marble to that sacred memory, but his life was a token to her praise such as few mothers in this or any other land have received.

Rev. F. D. Maurice writes a letter to the (London) *Spectator* to say that *as* a clergyman not less than as a citizen, he supports John Stuart Mill for Parliament.

"I cannot separate myself into two different beings. If I did not wish to have a man in Parliament who I believe in my conscience would contribute more wisdom to its debates than almost any other man, I should be a traitor to the Church of which I am a member, I should sin against God, I should not believe that the Church must derive strength from all the light which can be thrown upon its condition or its history, I should care more for my opinions, which are altogether unlike Mr. Mill's, than for the truth."

And of the passage we lately quoted, Mr. Maurice says:

"I am immensely confirmed in this conclusion by the indignation which the passage which has been quoted from Mr. Mill's answer to Sir William Hamilton has excited. I can say of that passage what I should hardly dare to say of any other in Mr. Mill's writings; I accept it wholly, absolutely, unreservedly."

Mr. Gladstone, says the *Spectator*, is probably the best hated politician in England at the present moment. The Tories hate him with a hatred compounded of the feeling they feel towards renegades and the feeling they feel towards the Manchester school. The *Times* detests him, nobody knows why. The *Saturday Review* never misses an opportunity for a sneer. Mr. Horsman cannot forgive himself for having been unsuccessful in his bitter assault on the French Treaty, and still looks down upon him, like Jupiter on the tattered beggar in Aristophanes, "through those Rags." Mr. Lowe thirsts for vengeance on the man who has admitted an abstract right in the citizen to vote till cause be shown why he should not vote. He is suspected by numbers of the wish to render England again defenceless for the sake of economy; extreme Dissenters think him a Jesuit, and extreme Churchmen a wolf in sheep's clothing.

Here is the best letter which the English Elections have yet brought out, written by the Duke of Wellington to his tenantry at Strathfieldsaye:

"DEAR SIR:—I think it right to explain clearly to you my feeling regarding the exercise of your vote. It is a trust imposed upon you for the advantage of the country, and the responsibility for the proper exercise of it rests on yourself alone. It is placed by the country in your hands, not in mine, and I beg you distinctly to understand that no one has any authority for stating that I wished to bias you in favor of any candidate.

"I am yours, etc., WELLINGTON."

The good example has been followed by the North Eastern Railway Company.

Of the Oxford Commemoration, an English University Saturnalia, we read:

"The young gentlemen at Oxford are rather more generous than Lord Brougham, having not yet learned to worship success. At Commemoration on Wednesday, three loud cheers were given for Jefferson Davis, a storm of groans for President Johnson, and tremendous cheers for Gen. Lee. Lord Palmerston and Lord Derby were loudly cheered.

"Good for Oxford. We like neither its principles nor its opinions, but we like the pluck which clings to a lost cause—bad though the cause was.

It is scarcely worth while for American papers to take Lord Brougham to task, the (London) *Spectator* having finished him off in the following neat manner:

Lord Brougham is very anxious, now that the North has succeeded, to disavow all his virulent anti-Northern sentiments. In the House of Lords on Monday, he said "the conduct of the United States Government *had been perfect* upon the subject of slavery, and he was astonished at the utterly groundless reports which injudicious friends of the Union had propagated of him, as if he had taken the part of the slave-traders and slave-mongers of the South." "Some good men," said his Lordship, as late as September, 1864, "have been duped by the pretext that the North fight to free the slave, whereas the Emancipation edict was a mere belligerent measure and an after-thought—they (as Bishop Wilberforce said) caring no more for the freedom of the black than they do for that of the white. But it had been reserved for the latest act of the tragedy to see that Government, when destitute of other troops, drive herds of the unhappy negroes to slaughter, with no more remorse than sportsmen feel in clearing a preserve.' Is that the 'perfect' conduct which Lord Brougham now attributes to the North? After language of this kind, is it quite wise for this noble time-server to claim credit as a true friend of the North?"

Miss Anna E. Dickinson writes to the *Tribune* the following admirable and forcible letter:

"SIR: As I discover in the yesterday issue of your paper—and that of some others—room for an entirely false statement in regard to myself, may I, to-day, beg space for a denial thereof?

"I am *not* going on the stage.

"So far from 'preparing' myself for it, I am doing my best, by thought, study, and travel, to maintain the place, not which I have *earned*, but which has been bestowed upon me by an over-liberal and too generous public.

"Further—while there is so much to do, and so many burdens to lighten in the world, I will not, God willing, leave my post, or desert work, honestly if inefficiently done, for useless play. Respectfully yours,

"ANNA E. DICKINSON.

"Philadelphia, June 30, 1865."

Not to any other calling whatever—least of all to the stage—could the Anti-Slavery cause give up Anna Dickinson, with her generous impulses and eloquent lips, her fame, her courage, and her well-learned influence. As little could she forsake the cause of her own sex, which needs noble women to pead it, and she has no true friend who will not rejoice, as we do, to read this announcement of her unfaltering resolution.

When Gen. Grant was in New York, says a gossiping correspondent, some one congratulated him on his relief from so much responsibility and care. He remarked that such excursions afforded him no relief, and that his responsibility and labor would be more for the next twelve months than they had been for the twelve months past. A friend of mine visited Gen. Grant's father, who, with the utmost simplicity, related many striking incidents in the life of the Lieutenant General. One was quite characteristic. The old gentleman visited his son out West just after the surrender of Vicksburg. In walking round he saw the carcasses of hundreds and thousands of cattle and horses, and as a manufacturer of leather he saw before him a fine field for speculation. He went to his son and told him what he had seen, and asked him for an order to gather the skins. "And what do you think," said the old man, "Lyssus (as he called him) said? Why he told me that I had better go home, and not be speculating on the battlefield and compromising him with the Government!" A gentleman who was present at a dinner given to Gen. Grant by several Congressmen, says Gen. Grant spoke but one word during the whole dinner. His Engineer, in giving an account of the passage of a river, spoke of it as thirteen feet wide. Gen. Grant lifted his finger and said, "fourteen."

What to do with Jefferson Davis? Here is the suggestion of a Yankee correspondent of an English paper:

"Mr. Davis must be condemned to death, but were I President Johnson I would neither pardon him and send him into exile, nor allow him to be hanged. If he were pardoned on condition of exile, he would merely lead a comfortable, perhaps a luxurious life abroad; receiving much attention from certain people. He must be conspicuously punished, and yet not made a martyr either by his imprisonment or his death. Therefore upon his condemnation I would reprieve his sentence indefinitely, on condition that he gave his parole never to leave the country, and to report himself once a month to the judicial or military officer of the Republic nearest to his place of residence, and once a year to the President at Washington. From any position of public trust he is of course cut off. If necessary he should be comfortably supported at the expense of the nation. His only punishment should be that of owing his life to the clemency of the Government he sought to destroy, and the becoming humiliation of publicly acknowledging its authority once a month while he lived. And such an example would be more instructive than a hanging. Thus would I do with the chief civil and military leaders of the rebellion."

John Stuart Mill—candidate for Westminster though he be—declines to be catechised as to his religious belief, and writes pluckily as follows:

"I conceive that no one has any right to question another on his religious opinions; that the tree ought to be judged, and only can be judged, by its fruits; and I hold myself bound, not for my own sake, for it is my practice to speak my opinions very plainly, but for the sake of future candidates, not to do anything that may facilitate raising a religious cry against a person who may be unassailable as a politician, on evidence extorted from his own mouth. The case is different as to my expressed opinions. Whatever I have written and published I stand by, and am ready to defend; and I defy any one to point out in my writings a single passage that conflicts with what the best religious minds of our time accept as Christianity. The passage which I am informed the *Record* and the *Advertiser* have fastened upon, [quoted lately in the STANDARD], I maintain to be one of the most religious and Christian expressions of feeling in all recent literature. I am not alone in this opinion. Among many others one of the most eminent of the Bench of Bishops declares, in a letter in the *Spectator* of June 17, that the sentence in question breathes the purest spirit of Christian morality; and the *Spectator*, itself a most religious paper, had said a fortnight before of the same sentence, that it speaks the true language of prophets and apostles. Such expressions as these it would not become me to use; but I am not afraid that your judgment, or that of any rational person who reads the passage and the context fairly, would pronounce it other than Christian in the truest sense. I am not aware that Mr. Mansel's theology is the same thing with religion, or that to say that I will worship no God but a good God is to be an atheist."

ANTI-SLAVERY CELEBRATION AT FRAMINGHAM, JULY 4th, 1865.

THE Fourth of July this year was everything that could be desired in point of weather. The sun rose clear and bright, and a pleasant breeze cooled the air. A large number of persons left Boston in the special train engaged for the trip to Framingham, and many joined them at the several stations on the way. On reaching the grove, the seats of the amphitheatre were immediately filled. A colored band, who had kindly volunteered their services for the day, introduced the proceedings with some good music, after which the meeting was called to order by Rev. John T. Sargent, Chairman of the Committee of Arrangements appointed for that purpose by the New England Anti-Slavery Convention.

MR. SARGENT read a letter of fraternal greeting from Rev. G. W. STACY of Milford; after which, WILLIAM WELLS BROWN was introduced to the audience.

MR. BROWN spoke of the policy of the government in putting into office those who so recently were prominent in the rebellion. He said the rebellion has closed too soon, or we have the wrong man in the Presidential chair. The great millennium we hoped to have is not with us. Mr. Brown had hoped that President Johnson would have finished the work which Mr. Lincoln had begun, but he is installing in power the very men who were prominent in the rebellion. The President said to the colored people—"Go to Congress"—but he seems determined to put those who have been rebels in power, so as to get the start of Congress. He has put at least one man in power who cannot, by a strict construction of the law, take the oath of office. Mr. Brown feared we are to be cheated out of what we have been promised, and what the brave men have been fighting for. If the South is to be in the Union, it should not have gone into the hands of the very men who have been rebelling against the Union.

One of the charges against the South has been that she has been ruled by the minority. President Johnson calls upon that minority to rule now. He leaves the negro, who has been fighting, "out in the cold." The prospect is, that the black man is to be ground to powder. The preponderating element in the South is the black element, but that element is left out entirely from political action. Mr. Brown feared that negro suffrage in the South was now an impossibility. It is darker to-day than a year ago. We have been fighting for almost nothing. A new form of slavery is being inaugurated, for the "wages" of the best of the freedmen are but five or seven dollars a month. The employed have no right to choose their employers. The black man has only been taken from the frying-pan into the fire. The government has broken its faith with the black man, for the negro soldier was promised protection, but he is not protected. He is left at the mercy of the tyrants of the South. Mr. Brown feared the black man's condition would be worse than when he was in slavery. "Gov." Holden says the blacks are not fit for the suffrage, but he has not *tried* giving them the suffrage. Mr. Brown hoped his anticipations of the future would not be realized, and that the freedman would have liberty; that the foun could be so secure as that we might rejoice that the rebellion had been. If there was ever a time when Abolitionists should be on the alert, it is now All will depend on the work that shall be done before the next Congress meets. The President has shown that only Congress can save us. He has shown his predilection in favor of the South. The policy of the government shows its determination to keep the black man down. But he cannot be put back into slavery without a struggle on his part. Two hundred thousand black men under arms will give the South some trouble. (Cheers.) If the government fail to protect the black man, we shall have St. Domingo over again. (Cheers.) Mr. Brown said that if such a time should come, he would go down South and help accomplish the good work. (Cheers.)

The next speaker was CHARLES W. SLACK, Esq., Editor of the *Commonwealth*. Mr. Slack did not feel surprised that Mr. Brown had some misgivings at the prospect of the time. No man can be uninterested in these times. There are many things in the record of President Johnson, for the last few months, to make us sad. Men have been appointed to the government of the South who have been prominent in the rebellion, and we have seen the advice of the

carry it out in politics? The radical members of the Republican party say yes. Mr. Sumner said to Mr. Lincoln: "Those States ought to be reconstructed on the basis of the Declaration of Independence. If you agree to that, count me your friend; if you organize on any other basis, count me your opponent." Well, that is the secret of the whole struggle. President Johnson assumes office. The white race stand to-day—how? They have got education, they have got wealth, they have got fashion. There are three elements of power, fashion, social prestige, education and property. What is the other element that goes to make up a State? Why, it is political rights. Fashion, wealth, money, politics—these make a State. Now the white race has fashion, education, and property. What have we asked for the black race to countervail this manifest preponderance? We have asked a share in politics.

Mr. Sumner, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Kelley—they say to him: "Sir, the white race has three elements; make the fourth impartial." The President says, "I hesitate, I do not see my way clear." What do these gentlemen say? If you don't see your way clear, stop; if the way don't open before you, stand still until it does. If you don't see your way clear to reorganize those States, keep them where they are." That is the advice Mr. Sumner gave them; that is the advice Mr. Boutwell gave him; that is the advice Judge Kelly gave him. I have no disposition to bear hard upon the President. The solution of the question depends upon his being on our side. I am only standing here to-day to take counsel with you to find out—what? Two things—What are the indications in our possession to-day of where the President means to stand? That is the first question. The second is, if he is not standing right to-day, how can he be made to? Let me show you the importance of this question: "Where will President Johnson stand on the fourth day of next December?" The press and the public speakers recently undertook to discuss how we could keep the rebel States out of Congress. Men say, "The next Congress may be relied upon; they cannot get a majority to vote them in. No matter where President Johnson stands; there is the bulwark of Congress; they never will recognize these States." Is not that the comfort that every politician gives you? There would be some hope if the members of Congress should have an opportunity—with the delegates of the rebel States outside of the doors of Congress—to vote whether they should sit there, but, in my opinion, they never will have the opportunity. I will tell you why. President Johnson's theory is, that the States have never been out of the Union. Their relations have only been suspended, not destroyed. They are going to have members of Congress chosen this summer. During the next five months they will be elected. On the fourth day of December, eighty-four Southern representatives, from North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, Louisiana, Arkansas, Florida and Texas, will march into Washington. Will they stay outside of the doors of Congress? No! they will walk into Congress, and sit down in their old seats. They will say, "Gentlemen, President Johnson says the States have never been out of the Union." How can you check them? What is the next step? Mr. McPherson, Clerk of the House, is the only officer. The way you organize Congress is this: He rises and says, "Gentlemen, are you ready to organize?" "We are," cry out the crowd. He then proceeds to call State after State—Massachusetts, Maine, New Hampshire, New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island. Suppose he goes on, and calls North Carolina, Alabama, and Mississippi. They respond. It remains with him, and with him only, whether he shall call those eighty-four men inside. When he has done it, they vote for speaker. But you may say, "Mr. Boutwell won't let them." Gentlemen, it is not in order to object. If McPherson admits them, you cannot object to the speaker chosen. Well, the speaker is chosen. Mr. Boutwell rises and says, "I move that Louisiana has no right to sit on this floor." The subject is referred to a committee. Suppose the committee report that she is not, or that she is, no matter which. The six gentlemen walk outside the bar. Of the eighty-four Southerners seventy-eight remain, and they vote on the question. Seventy-eight rebel representatives are to join in the decision. But you say, "Mr. McPherson won't do it." Why, there is not one politician in a thousand could resist it, if the administration wishes him to do it. If President Johnson says it is to be done, it will be done. If not, it will not be done. That is the importance of knowing where the President means to stand on the fourth day of December. If he lets the colored race know that he thinks those States have not dissolved their relations with the government, and have a right to resume them, then eighty-four votes will walk inside of that Congress, and the question will be, not shall we admit them, but shall we put them out? On that question of putting them out, seventy-eight of them will vote. The Democratic party will join with them. A large share of the Republican party will join with them, if the President wishes it. So you see, gentlemen, our fate rests in the hands of the colored race, and the disposition of Andrew Johnson on the fourth day of December next. He, to-day, stands urging those States to choose these men to Congress. Now, the question is, "Can we exert any such power on him as that when he has got them chosen, he shall allow them to stand outside of Congress, and abide the judgment of the loyal members of that body?" We are hoping that those States will stand outside of Congress, and our Republican party shall say, "You cannot come in until you send us a ratification of the Constitutional amendment." But suppose when they stand there the Clerk of the House drags them in, without giving us time to impose that condition? Why, then they will say, "Gentlemen, here we are; if you want that amendment ratified, we will treat. If you want it ratified, ratify the rebel debt; if you want it ratified, ratify our Constitution. Here we are, inside, unconditionally, unpledged." While they are out, the helm is in our hands. Whether Edward McPherson calls those States in or leaves them out—that is the hub of our politics; that the pivot of the national future. In order to prevent him, you have got to keep Andy Johnson within the sight and sound of Charles Sumner's and Judge Kelley's voice and advice. To-day he's not there.

What are the indications of where the President is? The leading radicals did not ask him to accept negro suffrage. They only said to him: "If you cannot accept it, stop. Keep the States under military rule, send down military governors, reorganize industry and commerce. Do not let the States reorganize as States. Reorganize commerce, protect industry, but let politics wait until the North ripens and the South recognizes her position." If President Johnson really agreed with Charles Sumner, would not he have taken this advice? Where was the harm of it—the danger? He says to Mr. Sumner: "I agree with you exactly"; says to Judge Kelly, "Your ideas are mine"; goes into the next chamber and organizes a State exactly opposite. What is the explanation? Oh, men say: "He is trying an experiment." Gentlemen, go into this agricultural country and propose a new method of culture. A man has a hundred acres; does he plant his whole hundred acres? He says, "Take twenty acres and try the experiment." If the President is trying an experiment, why did he not content himself with the State of North Carolina? [A voice—"How about South Carolina?"] It is said that he has organized South Carolina on the basis that every loyal man shall vote. Suppose he has? I would suggest to the friend that asked the question, that the only defence offered for the President is that he had not a legal right to admit the negro. If he organized South Carolina on any other basis, he owns up that that excuse was a sham. If he could do it in South Carolina, he could do it in the whole. Why, he told the South Carolina delegation what his ground was—if the negro votes, he would vote as his master wants him. He did not mean to put the poor white into the hands of the rich white. The negro voting as the rich white told him, the poor white would be overwhelmed. Now, gentlemen, I have never wished to blame the President, but he is a Southerner. The mistake of this whole battle is, that when there was a fight between our Northern and Southern ideas, we have had a Southern President. If Hamlin had been Vice-President, you might stay at home. If Hamlin had been Vice-President, every negro in the Southern States would have the same rights as the white men. Who turned him out? Massachusetts turned him out. William Claflin of West Newton engineered this man into the Presidency and engineered Hamlin out, and Massachusetts must bear the blame. The fact is, we have in this struggle between Northern and Southern ideas a Southerner; a man who cannot see the negro impartially, who has the prejudice of the white race against him. We have got five months to work in. There is a possibility that he, like Abraham Lincoln, may be brought on to the right basis. He sent down Carl Schurz to examine into the States he has inaugurated. The New York *Herald* says it was a wise thing. Well, now Andrew Johnson knows slavery, root and branch, by his own neck, by his children, by every hour of his life. He did not need a report. Do you suppose that officer can penetrate this subject better than a man born and bred in sight of this system. No. Andrew Johnson knows that when he organized these six States, he gave up the black race to the control of the white slaveholders, and your duty and mine is,—and let it be known as Mr. Sumner let Abraham Lincoln know it,—that if this is his attitude he must count us as opponents; that where he stands to-day we do not trust him. Not that we give him up, but that we watch him. The present policy is worse than an error, it is a crime: 250,000 loyal graves; 325,000 men sacrificed in this war; 4,000,000,000 of dollars, a debt that is to hang over and shorten the comforts of our children. Now comes the crisis. What is the negro? Well, I say, in the face of all prejudice, that amid the gallantry, the patience, the heroism of this war, the negro bears the palm. [Applause.] Governor Andrew, writing to the Faneuil Hall meeting said: "I don't want the suffrage question raised yet. The South is destined to a great deal of confusion. I don't want the black man mixed in." Well' that would be good counsel, if he could be kept out of it. Friends, I grow sick in any game when the counters are living men. The Governor's game has 4,000,000 of black men for its counters. They are to be whipped, tortured, shot, mutilated, driven in chains to work, as they are to-day. What say the loyal writers in South Carolina? Why, we find the black man murdered in the woods, his nose, ears, feet, hands, cut off; mutilated, murdered because he refuses to work, because he asks wages. It is said that Stanton and Harlan and Speed are in favor of suffrage, but I have reason to know that those gentlemen don't take the liberty to stand up against the President, in favor of their own views. When President Johnson says; "Have I your advice to reorganize Mississippi?" "Yes, sir." They don't say no. They are not to be relied upon. Now I don't count the President on our side. He is not to be counted as a force on our side. At present he is a force on the other side. He is to be flanked or subdued; to be converted. His attitude is to be changed; if not, the republic is gone. My policy is the policy of Gen. Grant—"I propose to move immediately upon your works." Mr. Johnson, you are wrong; your plan is wrong; it bears within it the seeds of death to the republic; we move instantly upon your works. We summon the public, and expose your plan, show that your attitude is fatal, hope that you will change it; beg you to change it, exhort you to change it, and if you won't change it, then roll the wheels of the republic, and crush it and you. The last Governor your President sent South was taken from the Confederate bench. Is that the class of men, President Johnson, for provisional governors and judges? Our hope is in diverting the purpose of Andrew Johnson; to make him shut the door of the House of Representatives upon the fourth day of December until we can rally the North. They cannot get into the Senate, because the Senate is a permanently organized body; but no one will suppose, if the House of Representatives admits them, if the administration acknowledges, and if, bowing to the administration, the Republican party throughout the North, by its press, supports them, that the Senate will be able to stand up against such a pressure. I only show what the truth is. When Grant stood before Vicksburg, the danger was trivial compared to what it is to-day. When Pope was driven back to Washington, the danger was nothing to what it is to-day. We are to-day in the maelstrom of politics. The difficulty is in mustering up public opinion strong enough to overawe the President. To-day there ought to go a voice forward from Massachusetts, as it has from Faneuil Hall, from the Board of Trade in Boston, letting the President know that New England looks upon his present attitude as a surrender to the rebels. Stanton said, when the news came of Sherman's offer to Johnston, "Sherman has surrendered to Johnston." And so we say, in the things they are now doing, "The North surrenders to the South, and we shall be governed by the white race of the Southern States."

At the close of Mr. Phillips's speech, the meeting adjourned for one hour.

Afternoon Session.

The Chairman read the following list of persons nominated as officers of the meeting, and the vote being taken, they were elected:

President.—Rev. John T. Sargent.

Vice-Presidents.—Charles L. Remond, Joshua T. Everett, Andrew T. Foss, Wm. Wells Brown, Nathaniel H. Whiting, Geo. L. Stearns, Charles W. Slack.

Secretaries.—Charles K. Whipple, George H. Young.

Finance Committee.—Abby Kelley Foster, Lewis Ford, Caroline R. Putnam, James Nowell, Wm. S. Hayward.

After music by the band, Charles C. Burleigh was introduced to the meeting. He said—this morning we had our danger set before us, and the need of effort to turn aside that danger. It may not be amiss if we consider some of the grounds of hope. One of the speakers told us that, notwithstanding the many unfavorable signs at Washington, he still had a good deal of faith in Andy Johnson. The thought came to Mr. Burleigh, that although he had not much faith in the President, he had faith in God. He felt a confidence that He who has led us thus far through our difficulty will not desert us now, in the very midst of the path—will not forsake the work he has undertaken. This nation was planted for a noble purpose. It is to be held to its mission—is not to be permitted to turn from its work. A nation is here to illustrate the grandeur, excellency, and power of the great doctrine of equal rights, and the perfect sanctity of manhood. The Pilgrims doubtless knew not the full meaning of their task; it was left for this day to show it. We have come through the Red Sea of blood and we must not turn back because we face new dangers to-day. Some imagined that when we caught sight of the promised land we might throw off the harness. But we are to press forward still. Let us not give up yet. The work which we are doing as preliminary to our purpose is so impressing the mind of this people that we shall move to our task with a nation vowing it will not be cheated of the fruit of its sacrifice. How are we met to-day? Every one nearly says the black man has a right to suffrage. They say it is his that he may save his own rights, but also because it is needful for the salvation of our own rights. But after all, though the black man ought to have the franchise, yet he must have it in the right way and at the right time, they say. They tell us the rights of the States must be respected. The President may desire the good results as much as any one, but he and we must leave it to the States. Mr. Burleigh doubted if it would be best for the South to do this work. He feared it would be shown that none but those who had been indoctrinated in the principle of equal rights would be on the side of those who thought universal suffrage the true policy. It is unsafe to trust the negro to those who would crush him under their feet. He urged the nation to take the right and broad view of this question. You must take the ground of existing law—if you can find it—and conform yourself thereto; or if you refuse that, you must go back to first principles; begin as if there were no law, and build on the solid granite. Which does your President propose to do? Let him take one horn of the dilemma, and stick to that. If you say, let the old law stand as it is, you leave with the people of the States which have been in rebellion the full control of those States. The Constitution of North Carolina gives the President no right to appoint a Provisional Governor, or to tell him what to do. It is only by election by the people that a governor can be chosen. The President, in his course, says the right has come to him to do certain things contrary to the law of North Carolina. I believe he is right in that from the fact of the entire forfeiture of all right of government by that people. What are the States? You say the people. Who are the people? It is just there that the Southern people are getting bewildered. We say the people are all of competent age and sound mind, no matter of what nation or clime. Every man is one of the people, and North Carolina recognized that once. When the President has set aside the Constitution as much as he has, he virtually says the Constitution is not binding. If the President had said nothing about suffrage, do you suppose any one would have had the effrontery to suggest it? The Constitution of North Carolina says nothing about who shall have a voice in framing a State Constitution. The power which sets aside a Constitution as much as the President has done makes the Constitution as much provisional as a Provisional Governor is. He has the power to put the whole document under his feet, and write a new one, as much as to do what he has done. (Cheers.)

Having thus a clear foundation to build on, the deep underlying feeling of justice is on the side of the black man. The justice of the question is clearly his on the issue of manhood. Every State which belonged to the Union in the beginning—in the old time—declared the black man had this right by virtue of his manhood. The right of voting is a human right. To-day our strength is in the sentiment of justice, reinforced by every sentiment of gratitude to those who came to you and helped to save you. (Cheers.) Where would you have been had it not been for the black man? (Hear, hear.) The black man helped you to success. In the Book of Decrees you will find it decreed that the flag should never be carried to Richmond and Charleston until black soldiers carried it there. (Cheers.) Why stop to inquire as to the manhood of the black men? You did not stop to agitate this question of manhood on the white side, even though it took in Pierce and Buchanan. (Cheers.) You have read the story of the boat aground, which was in imminent peril until the black soldier jumped to the rescue, saying—Somebody must die to get us out of this, and it may as well be me. Thus speaking, he put his shoulder to the stern and pushed it off, and he fell pierced by rebel shot. And after this record has been repeated on a hundred battle-fields, is this nation going to forget every lesson of its christianity and justice—going to turn this black man over to those who have always oppressed him? You have a mighty lever in the hearts of this people. Mr. Burleigh had spoken before a regiment of soldiers who were recruited in the pro-slavery parts of Pennsylvania, and he was astonished at the great cheers they gave him. We have justice and gratitude on our side to help us. What an ineffably mean act it would be to give the soldier who has helped us to victory, back to those who hate him the more because we have conquered them by his help? Who could face the world, nay, who could face his own looking-glass after such an act? It is a piece of pure effrontery for the South to suggest thus much. He who can't be whipped or sneered into decency by such a course as this deserves to live a life of indecency. Some are continually talking to us of magnanimity. It is a fine word. It is a fine thing in their estimation when it is to be shown at somebody else's expense. Be magnanimous toward those who would tear the Declaration of Independence all to pieces!! Mr. Burleigh believed in magnanimity to those who had shown their manhood—those who had shown it after we have for so long denied it. But we have come to that time when it is only policy and safety to do this. It is our duty to stand for the right as the right. Give the control of the South to the conquered rebels, and how long will they respect your right? How long would it be before they would get the rule in this country? The whole tendency of events must be toward the triumph of the right. We are to fight on still. One blow to-day may be worth ten six months hence, and it is well that we strike it vigorously.

Rev. Andrew T. Foss was the next speaker.

He regarded the present time as one of momentous interest. This hour exceeds in interest every other hour. We have had three crises. First, there was the battle of Gettysburg. Second, a great Proclamation of Emancipation was made by President Lincoln. Thirdly, there was the reelection of Lincoln.

But the crisis upon us now is greater than any of the others. If we make any compromise—if the rebels come into power, as seems now to be the policy of the government—the war will have been in vain. During this summer we have a work of transcendent importance. Mr. Foss fully believed we should be victorious. In every crisis the negro has been the conqueror. We said he should not fight, he said he would; we say he shall not vote, but by the living God he will vote. (Cheers.) Mr. Foss was one of the hopeful kind. If we do our duty we shall be successful—everything seems to be working for freedom. The Dred Scott decision is the most powerful argument for negro voting; for it argued that if he had any rights he had all the rights of a citizen. The government has made him a citizen; and now we can say he ought to vote. We can take all the filth of the pro-slavery sewers, and make it all redound to the glory of God.

Who is Andy Johnson? What is the Democratic party, provided there is one? (Laughter.) If we have truth on our side, we have everything. "One man with God is a majority." Mr. Foss was going to work on in this cause, and to work under the patronage of A. T. Foss, if he could not find any other patronage. (Laughter.) Suppose we fail? If the Southerners come into Congress they will assimilate with the Copperheads, but even then we will never say fail. We stand on the side of justice and truth, and will never say fail. In the name of God and Humanity success will crown our efforts.

The concluding address on this occasion was made by Stephen S. Foster of Worcester. The last speaker, said he, is a man of large hope, but such are not always safe men. Mr. Foster hoped, but he feared, and he thought fear was the proper attitude of mind to-day.

Every speaker has referred to negro suffrage, and this is the all-important question, which if settled aright, must be decided by the Anti-Slavery people. This is the great question for the next quarter of a century. Suppose we reconstruct on white suffrage; let us anticipate events—you have then a Congress including seventy-five men from the South who represent the Secession party, and they will stand as a solid body—they will have all the old love of slavery. They stand as a unit. Either there will be copperheads enough to give them the preponderance or there will not be? Suppose they get a majority on their side. Then will come the assumption of the rebel debt. The second act will be to send the colored men back to bondage—then we shall have a viler set of men in Washington than ever before. Then all that the South demands will be conceded to them. Then another war is inevitable, for the negro will never surrender the bayonet to resume the chain. They will fight for themselves after having fought for us. Then you have war from the Gulf to the Canada line. Then you have a war between families—the worst war that ever raged in the world. We shall see a more bloody war than Ireland ever saw. Suppose the South does not get the majority, what comes then? The South will be united, and there will be a political war in the Congress, which will give the South further consolidation. Moreover, you will have been guilty of a depth of ingratitude unknown before, in keeping the suffrage from those who have given themselves to save this nation.

The South, finding she is over-matched, will find she is powerless and can do nothing. The next move will be to get out of this government. The South will turn to the colored man and say: "You have every reason to hate the North for her ingratitude—if you will make common cause with us we will crush this foe." So together they will secure their independence, and the world will say "amen!" If this Union is reconstructed without negro suffrage, this country will see a very dark hour—such a state is more than a possibility—it is a probability.

President Johnson declared at the outset that he had no particle of care for the black man. He has done no act of special good to the colored men. Where has he done more for the negro than to provide for him as a piece of property? Mr. Foster asked if, as some assert, President Johnson is for us, what does he bow before? Public opinion. He stands in the position to understand what public opinion is; if so, then we decide that public opinion is against us. Public sentiment is with Andy Johnson. The President will never go against public opinion unless he is overborne by it. If the people of the North are not ready for negro suffrage, have we any reason for hope? The North will yet bite the dust for its inhuman conduct to the negro. The Administration has outlawed the negro; it has him under its heel.

The President is not loyal. The man who says treason is the greatest crime, and then puts the government of the South into the hands of those traitors, is not loyal. He is helping forward the game which is to split this government. Secession is not a crime. Mr. Foster was the son of a revolutionist. The revolutionists had the right to set up a government for themselves. But the South never proposed anything but a piratical association. It was in partnership with the North, and secretly plundered the other partner, and went, off accomplishing secession by treachery and violence. Justice, Liberty, and Equality form a basis for a government on which any States have a right to unite.

Mr. Foster advised the negro to support *any* government which recognized his equality before the law. In spite of these forebodings, Mr. Foster had hope. He saw on the side of the Anti-Slavery party the whole orthodox clergy of the North. We have on our side all the leading, prominent, active Republicans. They all go for negro suffrage. All that remains for us is to go to work to reform that public sentiment in which is our only hope.

Mr. Phillips then offered the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That we look on any organization of the rebel States which does not rest on the principle of the absolute equality of every man before the law, and the recognition of the full civil rights of every citizen, as a practical surrender of the North to the South; and that viewing such reconstruction as the essential triumph of the Slave Power, we pledge ourselves to agitation to crush it, as devoted and tireless as for the last thirty years.

After music once more by the band, the members of which gave their services to the cause, receiving only their expenses, the meeting adjourned.

Charles K. Whipple, George H. Young, } Secretaries.

Suffrage in Virginia.—Gov. Pierpont's pocket Legislature being about to adjourn after having restored the Virginia rebels to their citizenship, Mr. Downey, Speaker of the House of Delegates, said:

"Gentlemen: I have no speech to make, but I congratulate you very much for the manner in which you have ended the term of service for which you were elected. At the time of your election, it was said that the halters were preparing for your necks, and that Jeff. Davis was 'making the rope.' *Since that time we have had two sessions, and have kept Virginia out of the hands of the Abolitionists, who are now pitching at Andy Johnson with a red hot poker, hoping to influence him to adopt their radical views. But I thank God, we are safe, and though they may force negro suffrage on other States with provisional governments, they cannot pile it upon us.* Gentlemen, I wish you a safe return to your homes."

The first number of *The Nation* appeared last week. It is a clearly printed quarto of thirty-two pages, with a strong list of contributors, and we trust is to be found among the leaders of public opinion on all questions of Reform.

Wm. Lloyd Garrison, Jr., lately with Messrs. Hallowell & Coburn of Boston, advertises in another column that he has gone into business for himself, as a Commission Merchant in Wool. He has experience, energy, and integrity, and deserves the success we hope he will achieve.

LETTER OF CALVIN FAIRBANK.

Albany, N. Y., July 2d, 1865.

To the Convention at Framingham, July 4, 1865.

Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen: Having at too late a day learned of the contemplated Convention to celebrate the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence of the United States in the most appropriate manner, viz., by presenting to the public the claims of humanity and common justice, I most sincerely regret my inability to mingle my testimony with yours, in condemnation of any reconstruction without negro enfranchisement, and urging upon the public the necessity of at once shutting the doors of Congress upon any and every State that comes asking for recognition with constitutions based upon white suffrage only.

I believe the necessity is imminent; that the work must be done before January; for, if the rebel States are reconstructed upon the North Carolina programme, we give them fourteen members of Congress in addition to the number fixed for years to come, and nothing will save us the necessity of repudiating the rebel war debt saddled upon us by the numerical strength of the Slave States, added to the Copperheads of the North. This is the text. Now is the time. Now, or years of oppression, and perhaps another rebellion.

One thing is certain; if reconstruction goes on upon the present plan, and is accepted by Congress, the amount of suffering awaiting the recently freed people is incalculable. Let every member of Congress be made to feel that it is dangerous to prove false to these sentiments.

I am, as ever, yours for enfranchisement.

Calvin Fairbank.

NEGRO SUFFRAGE IN THE SOUTH.

We print below, says the Philadelphia *Press*, of the 7th instant, an able and interesting letter from a gentleman well known in this city as an active and influential life-long Democrat. Few men are less likely to be influenced in favor of negro suffrage by preconceived opinions; but the change of sentiment produced in his mind by a short intercourse with Southern society is paralleled by other instances within our knowledge:

Mobile, Ala., June 21, 1865.

I have come down to this part of the country with the intention of casting my lot with it for the future, and feel impelled to send you a line to tell of my impressions of the people. I have been, for some six weeks, in daily contact with Southern people of all political shades, and, though I am a poor talker, I am a good listener, and not a very bad hand at forming conclusions from a great deal of hearing. I came to the Gulf States full of very fine theories about the necessity of educating the negro before we could extend to him the privilege of suffrage. He was ignorant; he was bigoted; he was prejudiced; he could not be trusted with the privileges of a voter until he had attained to this standard of education. Well, sir, I was never farther away from the truth in my life. I have listened by the hour to the familiar, social, unrestrained talk of Southern people; and I have been sorry to conclude, from all that I have heard, that the damnable heresy of the States-rights doctrine, upon which, with imagined evils threatened to the institution of slavery, they based their acts of secession and rebellion, is as deeply rooted in their convictions as it ever was. They have failed to establish the success of their principles at the bayonet's point and the cannon's mouth, but those principles lie as near to the hearts of the great mass of them as ever, and true loyalty to the Government, as constituting a principle with the mass of the people at the North, is entirely foreign to the breasts of the masses in the South. The same hostility that was openly displayed in arms exists secretly in the breasts of the Southern people, and is ready at any time to exert itself, no longer in overt acts, but in every possible pacific way to thwart the unity and the progress of the Republic. On the other hand, the negro has but one principle and one affection. His principle is that of devotion to the Union; his affection heart-whole for the cause that has restored him to manhood. No doubts of the justice of the cause cross his mind. No clouds of casuists' raising obscure his vision. His instincts alone point out to him the path he is to tread as a free man, and point it out unerringly. Who so safe to trust with the ballot of a freeman as he? Can demagogues lead him astray with arts and sophistries? I trow not. He may not know so much of book-learning as his paler-skinned brother, but he is less likely to be deceived in what pertains to the advancement of all members of the human family, himself included. And if you could see, as I have seen, the colored people of these Southern cities, sitting at their door-steps, in the moonlight, on hot evenings, teaching each other to spell and to count, regardless of the comments of those who passed by, you would not be slow in coming to the belief that even the supposed amount of education necessary to enable them to vote intelligently will not be long wanting. I, for one, contrary to all my previous expectations, am fully convinced that the only safety for the South is in the extension of free suffrage to the people of all colors, and I mean to throw myself into the advocacy of this cause with all my energy. Far better is the instinct that teaches loyalty to the Union than the false education that makes States-rights traitors. Shall we trust the future of our country to the instinct that inevitably leads to the right, or to the educated sophistry that inculcates what is false and ruinous?

We are by no means ready for a reconstruction under the domination of defeated but unconvinced traitors. We have had a terrible war; let us not cast away its fruits. Let us have military government in the Southern States until the sentiment of true loyalty begins to be felt; or, if we must have civil governments reconstructed, let those who have every cause to love the Union not be put aside, while its interests are confided to the hands of those who have been its open enemies.

THE FOURTH IN WASHINGTON.

The Washington "Colored National Monument Association" met on the Fourth of July, in the grounds of the Treasury Department, to celebrate the great national holiday. Mr. John E. Cook was Chairman of the meeting. Letters were read from Gov. Andrew, Dr. Channing, Horace Greeley, Gen. Fremont and Frederick Douglass. Addresses were made by Mr. Day, a negro, Hon. Henry Wilson, ex-Gov. Hahn, of Louisiana, Gen. Gregory and others.

John C. Fremont, in his letter, says: "You may feel assured that it will give general satisfaction to learn that you propose to make education your corner-stone, on which to rest the social and political standing of your people." Gov. Andrew says: "For myself, I am sure that equal rights and impartial freedom will yet be accorded to all who own this for their country and home. I am sure that no rule or doctrine less fundamental will be tolerated by that grand conservative sense always prevalent at the last. Let despots and slaves demand despotism or submit to it; there is logic in their doing so; but let freemen accept no place nor franchise as an order of privilege, nor permit it to another."

Henry Wilson spoke in substance as follows: "I want the South to understand that their black code and their black laws, and all they have done to hold men in slavery, were abolished for ever with slavery itself; and *I serve here to-day a notice upon them that I have prepared a bill*—which I intend to introduce, too, on the first day of the next Congress—for the personal liberty of every freedman on this continent; and I want them to understand *that I belong to a body of men who are accustomed to sleep on the field of victory*—a class of men who accept the doctrines of the New Testament, who accept as the living faith of the North American Republic, the Declaration of Independence—a class of men who represent the principles of liberty, of humanity, of justice, *and a set of men who never were and never can be defeated.* (Cheers.) In our ears the words, the touching words of Abraham Lincoln run forever, that the black man may, in some hour of future trial, keep the jewel of liberty in the family of freedom. Mr. Wilson then reviewed the various political parties with which he had been connected at various times, but from which he broke when they ceased to carry the standard of progress to the height he thought it should go, until at last, said he, after four years of bloody struggle I have seen slavery wiped out of the country, from Canada to Mexico. Now I tell you to-day, that, casting party obligations aside, we stand upon the eternal principle of right, have sworn to stand there to the end of the chapter; and so long as there is a right not secured, or a wrong unredressed, *these men are ready, and will build up or pull down at their pleasure.* And I say to you that ninety-five out of every hundred of the men who in November last voted to put Abraham Lincoln—God bless his name—in the Presidential chair, are standing to-day shoulder to shoulder, determined to protect the freedom of America. Nothing is more sublime than the record of the black man in this struggle. They have stood by our brave soldiers and sailors in the thickest fights; they have guarded them against the enemy; they have stood by our men when fugitives from starving prisons, and given them food. They stood by the country faithfully in the hour of trial, and the country will stand by them. ("Good! good!" and applause.) It is said if they possessed the right of suffrage they would vote as their former masters dictated to them. If there ever was an utterance that had not the semblance of truth in it, that is it. I believe if the government had told the rebels, when it forced them to lay down their arms, that they must do justice to the negro and give him his franchise, they would gladly have done it; but I am not here to find fault with the government, *and shall keep my faith in it until it is broken.* And I believe the President of the United States, who told the black man in the Capital of his own Tennessee that, if no one else would, he would be the Moses, and be to them what Abraham Lincoln would have been to them had he lived to carry out his great and glorious principles. I understand they say they hold the right of suffrage in their hands. *I want them to understand that an act of Congress prohibits them from holding offices under the government, and until justice is done to the negro those gentlemen will go minus the offices. Pardons won't give them to them.* I am in favor of compromises generally; but we may accept as a compromise justice to the negro.

THE PRESIDENT TO THE RICHMOND REBELS.

THE TWENTY-THOUSAND DOLLAR CLAUSE.

President Johnson was visited on Saturday by representatives of merchants and others in Virginia, who wished him to amend the amnesty proclamation by striking out the thirteenth exception—the $20,000 clause. They represented that this feature interfered with the development of industry, by binding up capital, and, in this way, *oppressed the poor*, and that when they endeavored to borrow money in the Northern or Middle States, they were at once met by the objection that perhaps they had over $20,000, and if they had, the accommodation could not be extended, *so they were unable to give work to the poor men who called upon them*, etc.

The President reminded them that the amnesty proclamation did not cause this distrust; it was the commission of treason and the violation of the law that did it. The amnesty proclamation left these men just where they were before; it did not add any disability to them. "You know," he said, "perfectly well it was the wealthy men of the South who dragooned the people into secession. I lived in the South, and I know how the thing was done. Your State was overwhelmingly opposed to secession, but your rich men used the press, and bullies, and your little army, to force the State into secession. Take the $20,000 clause: Suppose a man is worth more than that now the war is over, and the chances are ten to one that he made it out of the rebellion by contracts, etc. We might as well talk plainly about this matter. *I don't think you are so very anxious about relieving the poor.* You want this clause removed so as to enable you to make money, don't you? *If you are very eager to help the poor, why don't you take the surplus over the $20,000 you own and give it to them.* In that way you will help them and bring yourselves within the benefits of the Proclamation. I am free to say to you that I think some of you ought to be taxed on all over $20,000 to help the poor. When I was Military Governor of Tennessee I assessed such taxes on those who had been wealthy leaders of the rebellion, and it had a good effect." So the clause stands, and $20,000 men went away sadder and wiser men.

The Executions.—The close of the assassination tragedy took place last Friday, at Washington, when Mrs. Surratt, Payne (Powell) Atzeroth, and Harold were hanged, at 1h. 20m. P. M. The execution was, what is called, private, not over 300 persons being admitted to see it, besides the military, who attended officially. Mrs. Surratt died soonest, and then Atzeroth; Payne and Harold dying harder. Accounts differ as to the bearing of the criminals, and it is said that even Payne showed some fear at one time. Mudd, Arnold and O'Laughlin are to be imprisoned in the Albany Penitentiary for life, and Spangler for six years.

Summary.

Centre Harbor, N. H. July 6th.—When the steamer Chocorura was lying at the wharf at this place last night, some unknown person placed a keg of powder in the furnace, when an explosion took place, blowing up the front deck and shattering the panels, but did not injure the machinery. No one was much injured on board. She left at the usual time this morning.

Suffrage.—The N. Y. *Tribune*, pleading for freedmen suffrage, argues forcibly, that as freedom gives the right to hold property, and such property is as much the subject of taxation as any other, to deny them suffrage, would be *taxation without representation*—the great cause of complaint which in 1776 brought forth the Declaration of Independence.

The Principle Conceded, the South will Gain Everything.—If the loyal whites authorized by the President to reorganize the late rebel States will only face the new order of things like wise men, and practically admit the principle that the emancipated negro is a citizen, and, under certain restrictions, is entitled to the right of suffrage, they cannot be kept out of Congress, and they will soon have the game for the next Presidency in their own hands.—*Herald.*

Ratification of the Anti-Slavery Amendment.—The Anti-Slavery Amendment of the Constitution has been ratified by New Hampshire. The vote in the House of Representatives was 215 yeas to 96 nays. Those voting in the negative were all of the so-called Democratic party. A few honorable exceptions in that party voted for the Amendment, not wishing, in the language of one of them, Mr. Quincy, of Bunney, "to be the last mourner at the grave of Slavery." In the Senate, there was a strict party vote upon the question, 9 Republicans voting in the affirmative and 3 Democrats in the negative.—*Ind. Democrat.*

South Carolina Beaten.—There were ninety-eight members of the New Hampshire Legislature who voted against the Anti-slavery Constitutional Amendment to the Constitution—we suppose on the principles of '98. Where have these persons been during the past four years? Have they heard of the rebellion? Have there been any volunteers for the war in their localities? Do they know how to read or write? Belonging to the Granite State, it may be that their heads were made at the period of that rock formation, and take no impressions of the time except an occasional quack advertisment. These mighty human boulders, rolled down to us from a pre-historic age, it is well worth a visit to New Hampshire to see.—*Transcript.*

Mr. Conway, in his letter to the Boston *Commonwealth* says of the London anniversaries: The Anniversary which I have been most interested in was that of the old British and Foreign Anti-Slavery Society. On its platform still sat the legitimate heirs of the honorable fame and the labors of the Buxtons, the Gurneys, the Sturges and others. The Society is now rich, respectable, even aristocratic; the despised champions of the slave are now Sirs and M. P.'s; but they still labor and subscribe money for the poor Cuban and Brazilian slave, and the American freedman. Quaker hats prevail at this meeting; and when Dr. Storrs of Cincinnati begins in his speech to advocate war, there is a sensation, then a mutter. ing, and finally an interference from the Chairman, who hopes that the belligerent doctor will stick to the resolution he is supporting, and not bring in the question of war, upon which they are divided. But they are disposed to rejoice that the God who makes the wrath of man praise Him has overruled the horrible strife in the United States for emancipation. All are interested in the admirable speech of the colored Haytien Ambassador, given in French and translated by Mr. Chamerozvow, and all cheer when the committee announces that the Society will remain until the last slave is free.

The following is the order of a post-commandant, who avows that he dislikes the negroes, "because they give him too much trouble:"

Headquarters Post,
Columbus, Miss., June 7, 1865.

There being a large accumulation of negroes at this post, depending on the government for support, and this course of idleness being prejudicial to the interest of the government, the community and themselves, it is hereby ordered:

That they return to their former homes or seek employment elsewhere, until such time as the laws of the United States applying to the regulations of labor are promulgated.

They will be protected against cruel or inhuman treatment; but they must work. It is not the purpose or intention of the government to support them in idleness.

They will be given ten days time to obtain employment and provide for their own subsistence, at which time the issue of rations will be discontinued. By order of

Col. G. M. L. Johnson,
Commanding Post.

Ed. F. Reid, Lieutenant and Acting Assistant Adjutant General.

AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

Acknowledgments, etc., from June 1 to July 1., 1865.

1345	Geo. K. Mellen, Concord N. H.,		$ 4 00
1350	Miss M. A. Willoughby, Duxbury Ms.,		3 00
1302	Mrs. H. Chickering, Dedham	"	4 10
1302	J. W. Clarke,	" "	4 10
1304	Theophilus Baker, Harwichport	"	8 00
1305	Chas. Buffum, Lynn	"	7 00
1326	Jonathan Buffum,	"	1 50
1308	G. L. Streeter, Salem	"	1 50
1352	Rev. S. Johnson,	"	6 00
1301	F. W. Bird, East Walpole	"	3 00
1308	Nancy M. Wood, Wachusetville	"	3 00
1306	S. F. Jenkins, So. Carver	"	1 68
1300	E. Richards, Weymouth	"	6 00
1303	Miss Annie W. Weston, Weymouth	"	6 18
1356	Chas. Hadwin, Worcester	"	3 00
1326	R. F. Buck, Millbury	"	1 50
1354	S. E. Thoreau, Concord	"	3 00
1359	Chas. Fitz, Gloucester	"	3 00
1317	Mrs. J. G. Dodge, Westford	"	4 50
1308	Joel J. Tyler, Leeminister	"	6 76
1335	E. Stebbins,

THREE WORDS OF BELIEF.

THREE Words will I name thee—around and about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning, they flee;
But they had not their birth in the being without,
An1 the heart, not the lip, must their oracle be!
And all worth in the man shall forever be o'er
When in those Three Words he believes no more.

Man is free! by his chart of creation is free,
Though born amid fetters—still freeborn the same.
Whatever the roar of the rabble may be—
Whatever the frantic misuse of the claim—
It is not the freeman whose strength should appal,
'Tis the wrath of the slave when he bursts from his thrall!

And VIRTUE is more than a shade or a sound,
And man may her voice, in this being, obey;
And though ever he slip on the stony ground,
Yet ever again to the godlike way.
To the *science* of good though the wise may be blind,
Yet the *practice* is plain to the childlike mind.

And high over space, over time, is a God,
A will never rocking, like man's, to and fro;
A thought that abides, though unseen the abode,
Inweaving with life, its creations below;
Changing and shifting the all we inherit,
But changeless through all One Immutable Spirit.

Hold fast the Three Words of belief—though about
From the lip to the lip, full of meaning they flee;
Yet they take not their birth from the being without—
But a voice from within must their oracle be;
And never all worth in the man can be o'er
Till in those Three Words he believes no more.

SCHILLER.

WHITEWASHING.

From the (London) Saturday Review.

THERE is no one left now except Judas Iscariot; at least there is no one left that would do an historical artist real credit. The whitewashers have done every one that requires merely moderate skill. They have whitewashed King John, and Henry VIII., and Richard III.; and now Mr. Beesley has whitewashed Catiline. In the last number of the *Fortnightly Review* he has shown how dreadfully that great and good man has been misrepresented. As we read on, we feel ashamed that we have so long beeen partners in this injustice, and have been so easily deluded by the popular prejudices on the point. Mr. Beesley does his work well. He puts on the whitewash so thick that some of it cannot fail to stick. Catiline will never again look quite black, and even hesitating observers will own that, at worst, he appears a streaky sort of a man. Mr. Beesley's view is that the oligarchical party in Rome, to which Catiline was opposed, tried to uphold a cruel, hard, iniquitous despotism, against which it was the duty of all houest men to revolt; and Catiline, being an honest man, did revolt against it, at first secretly, and then, when Cicero drove him to extreme courses, openly. The nobles would not allow the consular elections to be conducted fairly, and so Catiline, who was the real choice of the electors, was unjustly excluded from office. When Cicero was Consul, he, acting for the nobles determined to get rid of Catiline, invented the diabolical accusation that Catiline was engaged in a plot to subvert the Government. No charge, as Mr. Beesley points out, could be more monstrous. The real truth was, that Catiline knew the peasantry of Italy to be ripe for revolution, and he "passed the word round to be ready for action." This was all; but, by accusing Catiline of conspiracy, Cicero managed once more to carry the consular election for the nobles. Then Catiline very naturally thought he would try to assassinate Cicero; but he is not to be blamed for this, for he was a noble himself by birth, and, as Mr. Beesley observes—thinking, perhaps, of Charlotte Corday, Napoleon's legatee, and other apposite examples—assassination is a peculiarly oligarchic crime, and a noble assassinates without any special bad intentions, because it is one of the habits of his class. An insurrection, however, broke out in Etruria, and as "every one knew Catiline's relations with the leader of the insurgents," it became dangerous for him to stay at Rome. So he fled, went into Etruria, and was killed there after a hopeless struggle against superior numbers. These are the facts; and perhaps they show Catiline to have been a great and good man, though perhaps they are scarcely strong enough to do this by themselves. But then Mr. Beesley has a force in reserve. He has a great advantage of knowing what Catiline's private character really was. "He was a soldier, every inch of him, with every masculine quality, with a dauntless heart and a ready hand, with a special gift for ruling his fellows, and it naturally made his gorge rise to see a coward and a babbler like Cicero mount into the rostrum and go through his feats." In fact, the great justification of Catiline is that he hated with a proper degree of bitterness a man so intensely odious as Cicero. And here Mr. Beesley shows himself an adept in whitewashing. It is much easier to make A look white if you make B, who stands next to him, look black. So Mr. Beesley puts his black on Cicero unsparingly. "Cicero thought that society existed for the glory of clever writers and eloquent speakers. His idea of good government was a state of things where talkers should always have full swing and be listened to with respect, while rough practical men should humbly do their bidding;" and, in short, as Mr. Beesley says in a culmination of invective, "If Cicero had lived in our time, he would have written in the *Saturday*, and had his views about the representation of minorities." No one, it is obvious, can go much lower than this in the stages of human vileness, and by the side of such a monster Catiline shines out purer than white marble or snow. And the great gain of this mode of whitewashing a beloved historical object is that an opportunity is thus given for a brother artist to show his skill. Some one will now have to whitewash Cicero, and so the process may go on until all the leaders of Roman society in the last century of the Republic may one by one come to be cleaned up. It is tolerably obvious what their successive admirers would say, and so the interest would gradually diminish, but still it might be exciting to have a really able whitewashing of Clodius.

Whitewashing is a pleasant and an instructive art, but it is not a very difficult one. And it is eminently congenial to the feelings of the age. We have learnt to be an easy-going people, full of indulgence for our neighbours, accustomed to judge leniently of the motives and actions of men, alive to the complications of habits, tendencies, purposes, impulses, and sensibilities of all kinds that beset action. Nothing seems so very bad or so very good, and no one seems to deserve to be very greatly reproached or very greatly exalted. Constance Kent is an object of loving pity, and Madeleine Smith immediately after her trial was overwhelmed with offers of marriage from young men who longed to be the recipients of that sweet tenderness with which she had shown she could love. How, then, can we think very hardly of the dead? There may be a languid and conventional feeling against particular dead persons, but scarcely any real or acute feeling. In some families there is a custom of keeping a gorgeously-bound book, in which the visitor is invited to record, in the shape of answers to a set of questions placed at the beginning, what are his chief tastes, fancies, and opinions. Among other questions, he is asked what historical character he dislikes most. Some answer must be given, and so every answerer says that he dislikes especially some dead person. A favorite answer, we believe, among young ladies, is George IV. Do they really dislike that puffy prince with a well-grounded hatred? Have they, before answering, seriously compared him with Genghis Khan, or Bishop Tomline, or Charles the Bald? Not a bit of it; but they remember that their favorite Thackeray has made mincement of the unhappy Regent, and no one can suspect they are not clever if they say they think what Thackeray thought. It any one chose to whitewash George IV., and did it really well—in the style, for example, of Mr. Beesley—they would soon come round, and would perhaps select George IV. as the historical person, not whom they most disliked, but whom they most liked. Few excitable persons who went straight from reading the *Fortnightly* to a domestic examination of the kind, and come to the question—"What person in history do you like most?" could forbear to inscribe the name of Catiline. And Mr. Beesley does not whitewash Catiline as a joke, or dishonestly, or for the love of paradox. It is a total misconception of the art of whitewashing to suppose that the artist does it merely for fun. At first it seems strange, but it is nevertheless true, that there are hundreds of historical personages who have been exposed to obloquy, but who may be whitewashed in a perfectly honest and legitimate manner. Let us take as an instance Pontius Pilate, and every one will agree that this seems a strong instance. He has been condemned for the part he took in the greatest event of the world's history. But has he been justly condemned? It may be contended, not without great reason, that his conduct was really in a high degree praiseworthy. It was the business of a Roman Governor to see that the law of the province which he ruled was carried out, and so far as the local law did not militate against the principles of Roman government, it was allowed to prevail. It was a part of the local law of Judea that a Jew who sought to upset the existing religious system should be judged by the religious chiefs of the nation, and be put to death. The Roman Governor allowed this local law to prevail, merely reserving to himself the duty of putting it in execution. It may be said that this was wrong, and that the Roman Governor ought to have had such views of governments as would have prevented him from allowing the local law to prevail when fanaticism put it in motion. But this is an idea quite alien to the spirit of antiquity. Religion was looked on as a national, not as an individual, matter. The Jewish nation had a religion, and the Roman nation had a religion, and the Romans at least were not tormented with the thought that both could not be true. It seemed very reasonable to them that the Jews should have a religion peculiar to themselves, and should protect this religion, as they thought proper. We do not go quite so far in India, but we make some approach to it. We till lately allowed suttees, and we still allow polygamy, although both practices are alien to our religious views. We in our courts give effect to the consequences of polygamy in question of inheritance, and thus put in execution a local law of which we disapprove. But if it is once granted that Pontius Pilate was bound, as a matter of official duty, to carry out the local law, he may certainly be said to have behaved very well. He tried to show that the law was being most harshly and unjustly applied, and he entreated that the Jews, even if they insisted on their law being carried out, would avail themselves of the opportunity of mercy which custom gave them on that occasion. In the same way, a military officer may be ordered by the civil authorities to fire on a mob. It is his duty to fire, whether he thinks the firing is justified or not; but if he is a humane and wise man he may urge reasons against firing, although, if his arguments fail, he may still be quite prepared to do his duty and to fire.

Mr. Beesley is most anxious to assure his readers that his whitewashing of Catiline is not intended to gratify a love of paradox, but is meant as a contribution to the real truth of Roman history. Whether a writer who merely seeks after sober, calm, historical truth is justified in making, with regard to a dead Roman, except on the best and clearest evidence, so awful a charge as that, if he had lived now, he would have written in the *Saturday*, and had his views about the representation of minorities, may be open to question. But at any rate we think that Mr. Beesley does contribute to historical truth. And so do all the whitewashers. The conceptions of Catiline which we have after reading Mr. Beesley's paper are probably more true than those which we had before reading it. It is most likely that the rule of the Roman oligarchy was tyrannical, that those who revolted against it were justified, and that Catiline joined in the revolt because he thought it justified. He may not have been so white as Mr. Beesley paints him, but still he may have leant to the side in politics which seemed to him both convenient and right in itself. In the same way, although few readers of Mr. Froude's History will believe that Henry VIII.'s wish to possess himself of so pretty a woman as Jane Seymour was entirely due to a self-sacrificing desire of fulfilling the expectations of the English people, yet the strong way in which Mr. Froude puts this pressure of political claims on the King enables us to picture to ourselves how full of difficulties Henry's position was, and how largely his faults were shared by the society in which he lived. There may even be some use in the usual Scotch attempts to whitewash Mary Queen of Scots, although the major premiss of the argument, that a pretty Scotch woman must always be innocent, appears to be based on feeling rather than on inquiry. It may not be quite true that Pilate was as much bound, according to the notions of his time and country, to carry out the local law of a province in religious matters as an English officer is to fire on a mob at the command of a civil authority; but there is at any rate so much in this view of his position that is consonant to what we know of Roman life and manners that we are probably much nearer the real truth if we exaggerate the weight of duty which his office cast on him than if we omit to notice it altogether. The peculiar form of whitewashing which consists in leaving out all the defects of an eminent man simply because he is stated to be too eminent to have defects attributed to him opens the door perhaps to a divergence from historical truth that is to be regretted. The Emperor of the French and Mr. Carlyle are the greatest practitioners in this branch. When Cæsar and Napoleon are compared to the Messiah, or when criticism of Cromwell or Frederick the Great is pronounced to come merely from the doggeries, we feel that, to make the very best of it, we are no nearer historical truth than we are when we hear a young woman called an angel. The simple fact is that the young woman is not an angel, and would be unsuited to a lover if she were. The simple fact is that Cæsar and Napoleon were not Messiahs. We have to work hard to extract any good out of this idolatrous type of whitewashing. Napoleon was a man who caused unbounded misery, in a mean and cruel manner, for selfish purposes. He also did a great many good things, had farsighted views, and did much to overturn a form of civilization that had grown effete and corrupt. We may put the two statements together, and historical truth demands that we should put them together, but the result is not a Messiah. The only possible thing we can think of in behalf of this idolatrous whitewashing is that it raises into prominence the merit of establishing new and valuable political ideas. It makes us attend to the object at which the hero was striving, and to the justification which an energetic pursuit of these objects carries with it, while it prevents our judging him too exclusively by his actions and his outward career. But this theory of the use of idolatrous whitewashing only takes us a very little way, and we soon get tired of trying to find a profit where there is no profit. Whitewashing, on the contrary, as practised by Mr. Beesley and others who work in the same style, oftener leads us right than wrong. We draw imaginary portraits of the great historical dead, and when there has long been a portrait established in modern minds which is very unfavorable, the effect may be advantageously counteracted by such an artistic performance as that which adorns the pages of the *Fortnightly*.

PLAIN WORDS FOR ENGLISH EARS.

From the New Path for July.

NOR should we add another word, were it not for *The Builder's* indignation at what it calls "our attempt to foster unkind feelings between two kindred nations," etc., etc. This, from an Englishman, is simply impudent. We shall believe that *The Builder* is sincere in its reprobation when we learn that it ever showed equal readiness to resent one, even the least, of the thousands of cruel, unjust, unfeeling, and disgraceful things that have been said, with deliberate purpose to make ill-feeling between England and America, by the leading journals in its own country during the last four years. A certain class of Englishmen have suddenly learned that America has a great many claims to respect, of which they have been able to discern nothing from the day when the good news came to them that the great Republic was no more, until it is, unfortunately, proved that, all that they and the South could do to bring about that event so much desired by them, has been miserably unsuccessful. We do not believe that ever in the history of the world were national hatred and envy shown with more undisguised malignity than they have been by the best class—intellectually and socially—of the English people during our bitter trial. We do not mean to say that there were not good and noble people for us—Cobden, Bright, John Stuart Mill, Thomas Hughes, Goldwin Smith, Harriet Martineau;* these indeed struck manly blows, for which we thank and thank them; blows which did them honor and us good service. But, out of all England's nobles, these were all. Mrs. Browning brought us God's curse as on a salver—which we accepted because we deserved it, though we could have wished for another than an English lackey—and died before she felt commissioned to take it away; while her husband finds time to sneer at us in "Mr. Sludge," but none for friendlier words; Mr. Carlyle hurled his brutal logic at us;—we tender him our sympathy on its, to him, no doubt, most mortifying refutation; Thackeray turned his back upon us; Tennyson, Dickens, and, with them, all the lesser brood of authorship, were silent, or, if they broke silence, broke it only to hiss, and sneer, and prophesy and wish for evil. *Punch*, too, "scurril jester," as, in a maudlin fit of penitence, he rightly styles himself, thinks, with a copy of doggerel rhymes, to wipe out the Tenniel cartoons of the last four years, in which a brother nation, and that nation's noblest character—few purer in the world—were persistently held up to the scorn of the British public as representing all that was cowardly, low, and disgusting in humanity.† If report says true, a name held in love and honor, manifested in many ways, through the length and breadth of this land—John Ruskin—has spoken words of such bitterness and unreason, on our national struggle, to his best friends here, that intercourse with him is no longer possible; saying, among other things, that we are washing our hands in blood, and fighting to make slaves of white

* The list is longer by two names than it should be. We trust we are neither ungrateful for genuine sympathy, nor unable to endure the assaults of an open enemy, but the patronising condescension to which we have been subjected from some quarters is simply intolerable, and is not in the least alleviated by its affectation of friendship.—ED. STANDARD.

† Think of the writers and designers for *Punch*, a choice company of the best wits of England meeting at the Weekly Dinner, and in cold blood discussing, designing, and approving such a Cartoon as that of a very recent date, representing the American nation as the Phœnix, the head of the bird being a loathly carricature of Mr. Lincoln!

people; and, even at the last, when our whole people were in deep distress and mourning for the death of our good President—mourning such as has, once or twice, been possible in the history of Europe for a dead ruler—for William of Orange and for Albert of England—the London *Times*, with the brutal insolence of a New Zealand savage leaping on the body of his slaughtered enemy—threw square in our faces its insulting proposition that Mr. Johnson should resign, or, be forced to do so, by the popular voice. The English people may gather a little of what we felt—though we admit that words so scurrilous, from a source so vile, should not have been felt at all—if they suppose that on the death of Albert, the government organ here, in view of the thousand-fold gossip that runs back and forth over Europe and America as to the condition of Queen Victoria's mind, had insolently proposed that she should resign in favor of another. Such words would have been counted blasphemy by the English mind; but, anything was good enough for the people of another nation, especially if they thought that nation in no condition to resent their insulting words, their unjust actions.

Perhaps we betray an unbecoming heat. But the wound which wicked English words have made in American minds rankles deep. We are great enough to forgive, but it would be more than human if we could forget what we have had to endure. Still, we gladly remember the good words that have been spoken; and they were so good, and spoken by such noble men that, doubtless, in time, they will have leavened the whole lump of national discord with the leaven of good feeling. But do not let *The Builder*, or any English journal, after what has happened, offer to lecture us, or any American, for a few innocent, and, as we have tried to prove, justifiable complaints relative to a not very important matter, as if it were we who were guilty of stirring up ill-feeling. English journals live in a large house of particularly brittle glass, and they are very much mistaken if they think they can throw stones at other people with impunity.

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

LIBERTY'S MARTYR.

AYE, Liberty weep! bow thy proud form in anguish;
The star that we honored is set;
Our hero sleeps calmly and cold, while we languish
O'er his bier with a Nation's regret.

He is gone; the Chief that we loved is no more;
But the lamp of his glory still burns,
To light us to peace; for our dread war is o'er,
And the strife-weary victor returns.

He has broken the chains of the bondmen asunder,
And sealed with his blood the great deed;
He passed from our midst while victory's thunder
Swayed the land as winds sway the reed.

Bury him silently, tearfully; lay
His form where the green willows wave,
Near the home of his childhood, where light zephyrs play,
Chanting dirges of peace o'er his grave.

His tomb shall be strewn with bright laurels of fame,
Ever watered by love's falling tear;
Sire and matron shall breathe with proud rev'rence his name,
And their little ones, spell-bound, shall hear.

So as years pass on, and ages roll round,
As the rainbow in token was given,
Penned in letters of light his name shall be found
On Liberty's scroll, blest of Heaven.

New York, April 16, 1865. S. B. P.

MANIFESTO OF THE REBEL VAGABOND G. N. SANDERS, IN VIEW OF ANOTHER REBELLION.

From the Montreal Telegraph.

TO THE PATRIOTS OF THE SOUTH.—*Montreal, Canada, June* 1, 1865.—Reason begins to dawn upon the Northern mind—the days are brightening. Practical, vigorous statesmanship on your part now will loosen the iron grip of the Federal ruler. Many of you have, without pausing to examine the facts, very naturally allowed the tyrant's interpretation of Gen. Lee's surrender to have too depressing an effect.

The "peace" in the Grant and Lee correspondence did not mean the degrading of soldiers and citizens into helot slaves; its character was impressed upon Gen. Lee by preceding authoritative declarations, and by the antecedents of Gen. Grant, who was put forward by his friends for the Chicago nomination last August as a Jeffersonian State Rights Democrat of many years standing. They declared that his battle cry had always been, and would continue to be, "The Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was."

When Gen. Grant, as commander-in-chief of the Federal armies, wrote to Gen. Lee, commander-in-chief of the Confederate armies, that the best mode of securing peace was to surrender in the way indicated by him, the question at issue was not what was to become of the army, but the fate of the country in the largest sense. "Peace" thus spoken by Gen. Grant had the highest possible significance, and the correspondent shows that Gen. Lee surrendered upon the assuring manner in which the word was given. If Gen. Grant did not mean peace with the fullest protection that the Constitution could give (and Gen. Lee representing the citizen armies of the South, could not have understood anything else), all his words were false and cruelly deceptive; and he will violate every principle of chivalry, honor, and justice if he now lend himself to any coercive measure in conflict with the Constitution, as he is known to interpret it. But with Punic faith the tyrant President would now unblushingly separate the word from the antecedent and well-known opinions of the General-in-Chief who uttered it, and give it color as if spoken by Gens. Halleck, Hunter, or Butler. Yet no one will have the hardihood to say that Gen. Lee would have surrendered to either of these Generals without explicit understanding and assurance.

Gen. Sherman's truce imposed extra constitutional conditions upon the South, when far better terms had already been obtained by Gen. Lee—"The Constitution and the Union, without other conditions." The subsequent surrender of Gens. Johnston and Kirby Smith on Gen. Grant and Lee's platform—"the Constitution as it is, and the Union as it was," with the acquiescence of the people of the South, extends and reestablishes the protecting power of the constitution to them, in equal degree with the people of the North. There can then no longer be pretext for acts within the Southern States not warranted within the Northern States. Now that you are returned to the Union, no one has a right to say that you will not maintain that careful and enlightened adherence to the Constitution and the laws, for which you were distinguished before the war.

The immediate object of the Federal usurpers is to possess themselves of the State governments of the South. To this end they have invented a test oath, embarrassing the Constitution with a series of slavish, unconstitutional conditions, artfully prepared, with the object of exciting your disgust at the rejection of the whole. Protest at all times against the imposition, but, if forced upon you, save your franchise (the life-blood of the South) and swallow the oath, though the conspirators should offer it in the "bowl of hemlock." The Constitution being part and parcel of the oath, is antidote to the deadliest political potion, however intensified by their legal doctors, and is your moral and legal defence against any claims on your conscience sought to be imposed by these Haytien lawgivers. To support and defend the Consitution intact, as you understand it, will necessarily invalidate and render null and void the abnormal portions of the hybrid oath. The various black republican Presidential proclamations are all in violation of the Constitution, and not binding in morals or law; and I trust that while maintaining your honor by vigorous and solemn protest, your practical good sense will master the ingenuity of trick thus employed to disfranchise you.

During the struggle when there was an allegiance due to the then existing Southern Confederacy, these extra constitutional oaths answered a purpose to the machinators, by preventing Confederates within Federal lines from exercising the franchise privilege, but now, when all agree to recognize the Constitution of the United States as of old, it is not only, as it always was, a most audacious sacrilege to attempt to make any President's proclamation supersede it, but it is purposeless, except for consolidation and despotism.

The Northern conservatives cannot stand by motionless and see established, upon pretext of punishing rebels, the agrarian precedent announced in President Johnson's "disabilities" proclamation. What guarantee would they have that this unscrupulous leveller when hard pressed for money to keep up his large army, and to create a corruption fund for his reelection, will not appropriate to the "State" all possessions exceeding his republican limit of "twenty thousand dollars?" All wealth beyond being held disloyal. He has assumed the right to do the one, and, if unchecked, he will do do the other whenever "necessity" presses.

You have the power to direct the future. Possessing a majority at every pole south of Mason and Dixon's line, allow no one to be returned to any office who will submit to assumption of superior rights on the part of the North, and who will not faithfully support the platform, "the Constitution, with such amendment only as will give greater protection to minorities and geographical sections." The South cannot wait for national organization. The elections are ordered and are upon you, enabling you to take possession of your State government at once. Then call upon the men of the North who acknowledge your equality in the Union, to meet you in convention, in New York city, before the Northern fall elections, and there to organize with you a great national party such as will deter the profligate President and his provost spies from laying their brutal hands upon unoffending men, women, and children.

Your exiled fellow-citizen,

GEO. N. SANDERS.

THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

YESTERDAY'S steamer brings late intelligence of the progress of the telegraph. The last mile of cable has been coiled in the huge tanks of the Great Eastern, and that vessel is on the eve of leaving the Nore for the west coast of Ireland, thence to begin on the 9th or 10th of July her momentous voyage to America. Nearly all that human skill or patience could do for the Atlantic Telegraph has been done—except the laying of the cable in its bed at the bottom of the ocean. Whether that is to be accomplished this time, we shall know in about three weeks. It is within the limits of probability that by the 24th of this month the New World and the Old shall be talking to each other across the Atlantic at lightning speed.

The Great Eastern has in her 7,000 tons of cable; 2,600 miles in all; 500 miles more than, with good luck, will be wanted for laying. Add tanks and coal and engines, and the burden of the big ship on this voyage is 21,000 tons, which is three thousand less than her tonnage capacity. For convoy she has two British ships of war—and British only. It is stated that our Government was applied to for the loan of a national vessel, but declined with dignity on the ground that vessels of the United States were still subject to restrictions in leaving British ports. Valentia, on the coast of Ireland, is the starting point; Heart's Content, Trinity Bay, New Foundland, the destination of the telegraphic fleet. But the Great Eastern does not approach Valentia nearer than twenty-five miles, and at that distance will splice the ocean cable with the shore end previously laid. On this side, the deep sea cable will reach to within three miles of the shore, and at that point be spliced. From Valentia, the shore end will be the heaviest and strongest piece of cable ever made, weighing per mile about half as much as an ordinary railway track. It is to be laid from the head of a sheltered inlet near Cahircireen, and the sea end buoyed and watched by the ships of war till the Great Eastern comes up. The splicing of it with the end of the main cable is a matter of five hours' work, and when that is once done the voyage of the Cable Fleet begins.

For the success of the voyage no apprehension whatever seems to be felt except of a very violent storm. *The* (London) *Times* remarks:

"This latter risk is now literally all that has to be feared. Everything else which human foresight can suggest, either in cable or ships, everything which long experience or scientific progress can devise, has been provided, and the success or failure of this vast expedition is now only a question of weather. On this only doubtful point, therefore, it is gratifying to know that Capt. Anderson is sanguine of all going well. In his experience of many years and hundreds of voyages backward and forward in command of the Cunard liners over this very track of the Atlantic, he states that in the early part of July it never blows long or strong, and that during that time he has never even heard of any bad weather which could for a moment affect a vessel like the Great Eastern."

But it will not do to be over sanguine even with this confident opinion of a capable officer, for—

"it must not be forgotten that, in the last memorable expedition in the Agamemnon, midsummer was fixed on as the time when a storm in the Atlantic was almost impossible, and the records of the Meteorological Departments, both here and in America, certainly justified such an expectation, as they showed that for 50 years no storm had taken place at that time. Yet it was precisely on the 21st of June that the hurricane with which the Agamemnon and Niagara had been battling for some days was at its hight, and those on board the ill-stowed Agamemnon, at least, knew not from hour to hour which was to be their last."

Recent surveys of that portion of the bottom of the Atlantic on which the cable is to lie have considerably diminished the supposed difficulties of a safe submersion. What was before thought the worst part of the route—a sudden dip a hundred miles west from Ireland, the water deepening in a few miles from 300 to 2,000 fathoms—proves to be much less precipitous; in fact not precipitous at all. Careful soundings over the whole distance show instead of a cliff a gradaul slope of nearly 60 miles, with an average inclination of not more than 145 feet per mile—hardly a respectable hill. Nor is there anywhere a bad or rocky bottom, but with the exception of a few miles of loose stone there is nothing but ooze, mud, or sand—all soft and comfortable for the cable's long sleep.

The commercial prospects of the company seem to be as fair as could be wished. New shares are selling at a premium, and old £1,000 shares, which after the last failure had only a nominal value, and very lately sold for less than £200, now bring £560. There can be no doubt that if the cable is laid and can be worked at the rate of six or eight words a minute, it will prove enormously profitable. A revenue of £1,000,000 a year, nearly twice its whole cost, will easily be earned, and the stockholders seem likely to reap at last some due reward for their enterprise, and their unchanging faith in final success.

GOSSIP ABOUT FAMOUS ENGLISHMEN.

London Correspondence of the Boston Post.

As the end of the session approaches, one cannot help noticing with keen interest day by day the veteran statesman who in the next Parliament we may see no more. I made a pilgrimage to the lobby last evening to see Lord Palmerston come in, and very feeble and very pale he looked, not at all like the cheery, springy old gentleman of three or four years syne. He has given up his stick and the sling in which his right arm hung before Whitsuntide. His gout, therefore, has left him; but he seems ill able to walk without some friendly arm to support him. The rumor is that we shall not see much of him in the new Parliament; and that he will lend the Ministry little more than the prestige of his name to influence the elections. Meanwhile, his step-son, Mr. Cowper, leads him off regularly a little before seven o'clock; he will no more be found, as of yore, at his post at all hours, sleeping sweetly, but ready to start up at short notice and demolish a foe, or bring round the House to his views and wishes by a good-humored "chaff." If you go into the Lords you will find Earl Russell in prime health, not tempted by the fine weather yet to mount the white hat of the season, but looking as young and curly as I remember him twelve years ago. The change from late hours and hard sitting in the Commons to the healthier and easier life of the Peers' House has preserved and freshened the Premier of the future.

There, in the gilded saloon where hereditary wisdom and virtues are gathered, sits another venerable figure. Lord Brougham, too, is looking older, much older, and moves about with apparent difficulty, mercurial no longer, but fixed pretty steadfastly to his one place on the duke's bench to the left of the woolsack. The plaid trowsers are not; he wears an ill-fitting suit of black; when he walks he is beholden to a stick; he speaks with less of vigor: the old fire seems dying out. Strangers watch his strongly-marked rugged features, and try to retain them clearly in their "mind's eye," for they feel that the time draws near when his place, too, will know him no more. Several peers greet him kindly as they enter. Lord Cranworth takes one of his hands in both his own, and welcomes him affectionately back to England. The Earl of Cardigan is inclined to be cordial; but Henry, the once Great, reciprocates his advances rather coldly. With Lord Ellenborough, by whose side he sits, he exchanges a few words; but the Ellenborough is a grim personage, who likes to listen and not talk, and who listens accordingly, with head bent down to the floor, looking nobody in the face and spoken to rarely.

From old to young, from one of the oldest to one of the newest creations, in the peerage. Enter Earl St. Maur, the rose and expectancy of the ducal house of Somerset. He is no more than thirty years old, but looks grave and dour beyond his years; an old-young man, whom I have seen making praiseworthy efforts to master the points of private bills while sitting all day in a select committee, and who now feels emboldened to make a speech. I wish I could say that the speech was a success, but it was not. Long enough in all conscience, it was. For three-quarters of an hour at least its slow length was dragged along amidst a horrible silence. The manuscript was well in hand, in a neatly bound book; it was referred to often. In the Lower House irreverent cries of "Read!" would have been soon raised; meaning that the speaker had better read it outright, though reading a speech is against the standing orders in that case made and provided. But this was not the worst. The tone was sing-song and doleful—no cadence, but a dead-level tone; and worse, still, the opinions expressed were so balanced and so vague, that it was with considerable doubt and hesitation, after the first half-hour was over, that you could predict on which side he would incline. It was a considerable trial of patience for the peers, and surely thorns must have suddenly sprung up in that part of the Ministerial bench where the anxious father was sitting. The mistake was in making too ambitious a first appearance, and in speaking too long; ill-natured people would perhaps go further and say the mistake was in speaking at all without more matured thought on so knotty a subject as the Union Chargeability Bill.

While some of his contemporaries are showing the ordinary signs of old age, Lord St. Leonards seems to be growing young again. A few years back his voice could hardly be heard ten feet from where he stood, and Lord Chancellors used to apologise for not answering an inconvenient speech of his by the sufficient statement that they had not heard it. But now the noble owner of Boyle farm speaks more loudly and boldly, and gives his opponents no such loophole of escape. The Courts of Justice Concentration Bill has revived all his animation, and now that the subject is nearly disposed of, the little man still chirrups away at the table, with head on one side, like a finical town-bred sparrow. Is it possible that the expectations of a Conservative Ministry, and the hope of again becoming Lord Chancellor in it has something to do with this new life? His more likely competitor for the same office is lively too. Lord Chelmsford, who has very properly taken up the case of the English prisoners in Abyssynia, was so eager to catechise Earl Russell on the subject last night that he was unwittingly guilty of disrespect to the House. Earl Granville had proposed an address of congratulation to the Queen on the safe delivery of the Princess of Wales. Lord Malmesbury—his chief being then undergoing the process of baking on the hot, hard heath at Ascot—got up, and in a few not particularly well-chosen words seconded the motion. The whole ceremony did not last two minutes, and seemed to be looked upon very much as a matter of course by the assembled peers. But Lord Chelmsford wanted to make it even shorter than it was, and, rushing to the table, began his speech before the motion had been put from the chair. It is of no use to describe the beaming and beautiful look, half of rebuke, half of compassion, which the Lord Chancellor gave him; nor the graceful way in which the offending peer bowed and returned to his seat. Decorum and deportment are branches of careful study in the Upper House.

THE NATIONAL JUBILEE PRIZE SONG.

FLING out the Nation's starry flag
In glory on the air!
The ancient flag of freedom still;
No star is missing there:
The Lord of Hosts has given the word,
The people all are free;
The jubilee hath sounded forth
The nation's Liberty.

Chorus.—Shout! our redemption's come,
Our nation now is free:
Echo the chorus wide,
Proclaim the Jubilee.

The dove of Peace is brooding o'er
The desolated earth,
And flowers are springing in the light
Of freedom's second birth.
Then from the field of battle call
Our noble veterans home;
Ring out the joyous bells, and greet
The heroes as they come.

Chorus.—Shout! etc.

The host of proud oppressors now
Are whelmed in endless night;
And dusky brows of millions wear
The crown of freedom's light,
Proclaim the triumph through the world,
And shout from pole to pole:
Eternal be the boon for all,
The birthright of the soul.

Chorus.—Shout! etc.

Then fling the nation's banner out
In glory on the air;
The spotless Flag of Freedom now—
No star is missing there;
While justice and eternal truth
Mankind exulting see:
We'll shout our country's joyous song,
The nation's jubilee.

Chorus.—Shout! etc.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

From the (London) Times.

AN increased consideration for the Fine Arts is the almost proverbial indication of public prosperity. The National Gallery this year partakes the gale, for, in addition to the usual annual grant for the purchase of pictures, we find in the estimate lately voted by Parliament the following item: "Amount of the savings from the grants for purchases voted in 1862-3, 1863-4, and 1864-5, surrendered to the Exchequer, 9,458*l*." That is to say, the unexpended portions of the grants of three past financial years, which, in accordance with the now established regulation, were surrendered at the close of each year, have been returned for the use of the National Gallery. Thus has been rendered possible an acquisition which during many years has been the subject of repeated negotiations, and which a high price seemed to render unattainable. Nearly the whole of this three years' saving has been applied to the purchase of a single picture. The small but celebrated Garvagh Rapnael has been bought for the nation for 9,000*l*. This picture, originally known under the name of the Aldobrandini Raphael, is assigned by Passavant to Raphael's earlier Roman period. It was brought to England in or before the year 1800 by the late Mr. Day, who afterwards sold it for a comparatively moderate sum to the late Lord Garvagh. Of the merits of the work itself, as a specimen of the great master, the public will soon be enabled to judge. All will cordially approve the principle of boldly expending considerable sums on works which add to the European reputation of our national collection.

Since the introduction of the regulation requiring that balances of grants should be surrendered at the close of the financial year, the authorities at the National Gallery have been sorely tempted to expend the whole of the allotted grant on such creditable works as might be within their reach, rather than return any portion of it. It is fortunate that the desire to obtain first-rate pictures only has enabled them in great measure to resist such temptation; they now reap the reward of their economy.

The restored savings were at first proposed to be expended in certain important sales that have recently taken place in Paris; among which the Pourtales, Van Brienen, and De Morny sales were preeminent; but the extraordinary prices fetched on those occasions by pictures, not even of the highest class, rendered any considerable outlay impracticable. Two pictures only were secured from the Pourtales, collection—a Dead Warrior—ascribed to Velasquez, and a portrait of a man, by Moroni, at the comparatively moderate cost of 2,077*l* 13*s*. In all these sales the only picture which for excellence, rarity, perfect preservation, and a not unimportant additional recommendation—genuine signature and date (1475)—may be regretted is the portrait, about a foot square, of an Italian *condottiere* by Antonello da Messina, who first introduced oil painting, as practised by Van Eyck, into Italy. This prize it was of course the ambition of the Directors of the National Gallery to obtain; and as the picture is known to have been purchased not many years since in Venice for less than 200*l*., it was deemed that thousands, instead of hundreds, would secure it. Not so; the ultimate bidding of 4,500*l*. for the National Gallery was surpassed, and the picture is now in the gallery of the Louvre. What would have been said, in praise or blame, if this picture had been bought at the price offered it would be difficult to imagine. All we now know is that many an Englishman who sees the Antonello in the Salon Carre of the Louvre grumbles at the misplaced economy which could hesitate to purchase a unique gem at 6,000*l*., such being the sum which it is now understood would have secured it in the sale. It may be urged, on the other hand, that 9,000*l*. is better spent on the Garvagh Raphael than 6,000*l*. on the Pourtales Antonello. The ready retort is, "Why not have had both, since the whole grant sufficed for the purpose?"

Such are the indications, in fact and in opinion, of the extraordinary increase in the price of first-rate works of art. But what shall we say of a corresponding increase in the price of pictures, good and admirable in their way, but which have not the claim of extreme rarity, the highest names, or great perfection? Here are some examples from the recent Paris sales. The animated but somewhat coarsely-executed portraits of Frank Hals have formerly sold at the utmost for 200*l*. or 300*l*. A portrait by him of a Cavalier, in the Pourtales collection, sold for 2,040*l*. A fine portrait, said to be by Pontormo, at all events wrongly ascribed in the catalogue to Sebastian del Piombo, produced in the same sale 3,720*l*. The prices of the Dutch pictures in the Van Brienen sale may be compared in some instances with their prices in former sales, as noted in Smith's catalogue. A very small picture of a dog with some "still life," by Gerard Dow, sold not many years since, in successive sales, for 72*l*., 81*l*., and 108*l*. At the Van Brienen sale the same picture produced 880*l*. In the same sale a small Vanderheyden, marked in Smith's catalogue a 400*l*., fetched 2,480*l*. But the climax was reserved for the De Morny sale, in which a head by Rembrandt, in what is called his smooth manner, sold for 6,200*l*. To these sums is to be added, in every case, according to the conditions of sales in Paris, 5 per cent.

Are these prices the result of temporary enthusiasm and fashion—and above all of Parisian fashion—or are they to be taken as criterions of the value of good pictures? No doubt such a state of things is in a great measure exceptional. In the case of the enormous sum paid for a Murillo now in the Louvre, in the case of that paid for our own Pisani Paul Veronese, those prices did not long influence the market. It seems, however, that a gradual increase, apart from all passing influences, is inevitable. As wealth and wealthy collectors multiply, the finest works of the great masters become absorbed either in public galleries or in important private collections that may remain undisturbed for centuries. Works of such a class in the market are consequently few and far between, and it is therefore not surprising that their prices should go on augmenting. But such a view is altogether inapplicable to some of the examples above quoted. All that can be said is that if pictures by lesser masters are to be paid for in the same increasing proportions, the additions to public galleries must be rare, and in our own case, though the National Gallery is comparatively of modern date, and requires much before it can cope with the best museums on the Continent, we shall be wise to follow to a